

# THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

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## TERRA NOVA; OR, COAST LIFE IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

### II.



YE, aye!" exclaimed the old Captain, after he had fairly got his pipe into good smoking trim, — "aye, aye, my lads; these 'm yarns that us old salts spins is interestin' to young fellows of the likes of you, to be sure."

"And, father," interposed Martha Ann, looking up from her work with an arch expression in her eyes, "you don't dislike to spin them, either — do you?"

"Hah, now! that's a dig into my ribs, you understand, boys; because I don't do much of any thing nowadays but talk ov wot have a-ben formerly. Wait till I gets over this eer plaguy stiffness in the jints, and then you'll see! But don't I poke round now, and kip things to rights, and see as all is goin' on straight?" asked the old man somewhat apologetically.

"Why, father, nobody is blaming of you; only — only" —

"Ah! I see how it is with you, Marthy Ann! I see how it is with half an eye! Yes, yes!"

"How, father?" asked the girl, coloring.

"How, father? why, to be sure you wants to

be talkin' to these 'm young gentlemín yourself, that's how!"

We all joined in a hearty laugh at this, so that Martha's reply, if she made any, was not heard. The Captain thought it such a good joke, and so complete a discomfiture of his daughter, that he had to repeat it over half a dozen times.

"Well," said he, at last, "*you* may talk wi' 'em, or *I* may talk wi' 'em. Which shall it be — eh?"

This was an awkward proposition, and the only way the difficulty could be settled was by another uproarious burst of merriment. Oh! there's an immense deal of laughing done around these rude old hearths, — good, honest, unreserved, generous laughter, such as makes the cheeks glow, the eyes sparkle, and every heart dance with life and good-will. Newfoundland fishermen have a keen relish for dry humor.

"Now, there you have it," pursued the old man. "That's wot I was a-sayin' of jess now, that I tells my yarns over and over and over agin, I s'pose; and, bless your soul, they've got 'em all by 'art fur long ago. I don't go to sea of late, owin', as I was a-sayin', to this stiffness in my jints through catchin' of a bad cold. Tom, that's my son, he goes skipper o' the craft now; and a right good, stiddy boy he is, — that I must say fur 'en; and, praise be the Lord, he's makin' a good thing out of her. Last spring he fotcht home four thousand swiles,\* and he done re-

\* Seal.

markable well to the Larberdoor,\* thank God, this last summer. He was up the winter to Sydney, for a load ov coal. Him and his family lives with me till their place is built; that's his boy you see on my knee afore tea — small Tommy. Tom and his wife have gone over to Carbonear to see her mother, who's very sick and not expected to live. Well, one goes and another comes, and blessed be the name o' the Lord. And well I kin remember Aunt Polly, when she was a young slip of a thing, no older than Marthy Ann, there — years afore she married Skipper Billy — aye, indeed!"

The old man knocked the ashes out of his pipe with a sigh; and as Martha stood up to trim the lamp with her needle there were tears in her blue eyes.

"Let me see," continued the Captain, cutting up some fresh tobacco, — "let — me — see! Thirty-five year ago, — yes, five and thirty year agone last Febooary, they was a-married; because that was the time *I* was to be married, you know Miasus; but did n't, all owin' to them wolves."

"Wolves!" we echoed.

"Yes, wolves," repeated the Captain, lighting his pipe with a brand. "Or perhaps I should say it was not the will of the Lord. Howsomed-ever, we was disappointed. Well, I'll tell you the story. I went round to Green's Pond that fall with a cargo of pervisions and supplies for Bradford's consarn, in a small vessel called the *Good Intent*, meaning to bring back staves and salmon. Well, 't was nigh the end of December afore we got our cargo aboard; and one night what should come on but a tarrible cold snap that froze the harbor over, — a tarrible cold snap to be sure, — and there we was tawt. I says to Mr. Mallard, the agent for the consarn, (for the Bradfords, they lived in Poole, in England,) I says, 'I must go home somehow.'

"Says he, 'But how?'"

"Says I, 'I'll go ef I have to walk all the way!'"

"'Nonsense!' he says.

"'No,' I says; 'go I must!'"

"Well, he only laughed at t'is, and told me to make myself easy for a few weeks, and p'rhaps the ice would break up. Says he, 'There's lots ov gunnin' round about here; and I don't see but what you can make yourself happy,' says he; 'and my advice to you is to stop patiently and see what happens,' he says, 'for it's an unusual

thing for the harbor to freeze so early in the season, and it can't last,' says Mr. Mallard.

"Well, the fact of it was I must get home by the first of Febooary, by hook or by crook, for the reason as I said, that me and Marthy Ann's mother had it made up betwixt us to get married on that day. Did n't us, Becky?"

"Why, yes, I believe so," says Mrs. Scupper.

"Believe so! certain we did. And nothin' else under the blessed sun would ha' fotcht me home overland save and only that, — think it would, Missus?"

"Oh, I suppose not!" replied Mrs. Scupper with a laugh.

"Certain, sure, you know!" making a comical grimace at us. "I did n't tell Mr. Mallard what I wanted to come home so bad for at first; but after a little I up and tells 'en, (a nice, kind gentleman as ever I see, was Mr. Mallard;) and what should he say, but — 'Oh, indeed, Scupper! is that how the cat jumps?' says he; 'then I'll tell you what I'll do with you. My Injun man, Peter, he goes overland about the first week in Jenooary, with my letters to Conception Bay,' he says, 'and if you think you kin stand the travel, why, go with him,' says he.

"'That's all I wants,' I makes reply. 'I think I can stand as much in the way of travel, if I *am* a sailor, as any other man I ever see, Injun or Christen, Mr. Mallard,' I says; 'and 't is droll if a young fella the like o' me could n't stand it, more egspecially when he has a particular critter to the other end of the road waitin' to say *I will* to his *I will*,' says I to he.

"Mr. Mallard, he gid me a poke in the ribs, and like to buss his two sides laffin'; and so I made up my mind to foot it along with Brazeel Peter, if the ice did n't break up in the mean time."

"Brazeel Peter! that's a droll name, father," said Martha Ann, getting up to pick the great black smut from the lamp-wick; "what did they call him that for?"

"Well, Marthy Ann, that's more thun I can tell, without 't is because 't was his name; and a finer morrel of a man I never laid my two eyes on than that Injun, pore fella, — tall and straight, in a manner as a young pine, and as nemble as a woodcat. Well, I was pooty comfable. Mr. Mallard and me and one or two more of us used to set in his little countin'-room, spinnin' yarns, and smokin', and crackin' jokes; and in the nights goin' round among the neighbors' houses skylarkin', for it was about Christmas time, you know. And my little crew, they all got some-

\* Labrador, where a large number of vessels go from Newfoundland during the summer to catch and cure cod-fish and herring.

thin' to do, and did n't have no anxiety about comin' home o'erland, for they was mere boys."

"And did n't have no promises about the first of February!" slyly interposed Aunt Becky, peeping over the rim of her specs.

"And ef they did, Missus, they was like most promises, pie-crusses; for home they did n't come, that's sartin sure. And now, Marthy Ann, my gairl, will you be so good as to get me a mug of water to wet my wissle?"

"Yes, father; but there's some berryocky\* on a-boiling; you can have it in a few minutes."

"My child, I can't wait for no berryocky, for I'm so dry as a cow's orn, through eatin' that salmon for supper,—fish must always swim onst more in me."

The water was brought.

"Well," continued the Captain, wiping his lips with his shirt-sleeve, "as I was a-sayin', I made up my mind to start with the Injun; though the folks told me that I might start a sound man, but if I did n't get home a corp then eggs is n't eggs, for I could n't never kip up with a natural-born Injun. But all this had no effec' on me, seein' as I was under promises to get home, and bein' one of that kind as never gives up nothin' for no trifles; so it was determined that go I should with Brazzel Peter.

"In the mean while, to pass away the time, I borreyed a gun of Mr. Mallard, and used to go into the woods a-shootin'. But, to tell the truth, I did n't care much about dein' of any more than wander about in through the tall vars† and spruces, watchin' the jays a hoppin', and the little tomits a squeakin', and only wishin' that I had their wings onto my back.

"Though it was pooty frosty, it was beautiful weather, with a light skid of snow on the ground, and a clear blue sky overhead; and many a time I sot down on a stump, miles away from any human habitation, and not a sound to retch my ears no more'n ef I was the only man in the wide world. My thoughts was two hundred miles away over the desolate wilderness that I was soon to go athwart, ef the Lord was willin'.

"One day Mr. Mallard says to me, says he,—'Scupper,' he says, 'there's a poor widow woman lives in her tilt‡ about a half a mile in the woods, with her two children; and now I'll tell you what you might do,' he says; 'can't you bring a few partridges to her some day? It would be an

act of charity,' he says, 'that would be well bestowed.'

"'Enough said, Mr. Mallard,' I makes reply, 'I'm your man for that.'

"Now for my part, as far as sport is consarned, I don't much like takin' away the life of poor innocent little critters that God made to twitter about in the woods; and, more, I never did, to this day; but ef any good can be done, why that's a hoss of another color. So the next mornin' afore it was day, I was up and off to try my luck at patridge shootin'.

"The moon and stars was shinin', as they only can shine in these northern parts, when I sot out for the belt of vars and pines that skirted the cove, beyond which was a wide mash or bog, succeeded by an extensive pond. Of course it was all frozen over. Before I had gone half the distance to the pond, I brought down a couple of fine partridges. About ten o'clock I began to feel somewhat weary, and seein' a large rock a half a mile ahead, I shaped my course toward it. It was a big lump of a rock, about twenty feet high, with a split in the side large enough for a man's body,—a kind of little cave. Here I ate my dinner and lit my pipe, and then started for the pond, the further shore of which seemed to promise a good huntin'-ground.

"I was n't disappointed in my expectations, fur the birds was in plenty; and when I filled my bag, and strung 'em round my body to my heart's content, I turned my steps in the direction of the harbor.

"'Well,' thought I to myself, 'this will cheer the hearts of the widow and the orphin; for they be like the quails as come to the poor little children of Israel in the waste howlin' wilderness.' And so I was a walkin' along over the pond, follerin' my own steps back, thinkin' of this and that, and the sun was gettin' pooty low into the sow'west, when all to onst I heer a long wild howl in the direction of the shore I had just left. It brought me up all standin' for a moment, because I did n't expect to see no dogs so far away from the settlement, never for once supposin' 't was any thing else; when what should I see burst out from the bushes about a mlie away from me but a large pack of wolves, right on my track!

"My arms consisted of a double-barrel fowling-piece loaded with fine shot, and a pocket-knife; but what was this agin a pack of hungry and merciless critters like they? Bless you, no more than a popgun!

"There was nothing for me but to turn my

\* A local beverage made of a decoction of "partridge berries," a kind of cranberry, flavored with spice, and sweetened with molasses.

† Fire, a kind of pine.

‡ A little rude cabin.

back on the enemy and run. Droppin' a bird from my girdle, I made for the land with a speed that surprised myself. You remember I told you where I ate my dinner in the rock? for this I made, dropping a partridge now and then to divert my pursuers; and it made my blood run cold to hear 'em wrangle and growl over them birds. In this manner I continued to keep a considerable distance in advance, and, as I hoped, to somewhat appease their appetites. It was plain, however, that they were gainin' on me fast, for my strength was failin', and the travel over the land, when I reached it, more difficult than over the crisp surface of the lake. Besides, the land sloped up from the margin; and the rock, which was my only earthly hope of escape, was hidden the tother side. But when at last I reached the brow of the hill and brought the rock in sight, my heart nigh failed me, it seemed such a distance off; and my partridges almost gone. I took one glance behind, and there they was with lollin' tongues, fiery eyes, and foaming mouths, patterin' up the slope at a fearful rate. A few moments, and they were hid from view, as my course was now down-hill. I dropped another bird; and prayin' the Lord to help me, I kept on for the rock. When within a gunshot of it, I dropped my last bird and my cuffs, holding on to my bag and cap as a last resort. These I had no need to part with, as I soon reached the rock, backed into the cave, and with the gun to my shoulder, awaited the wolves.

"I did n't have to wait long. On they come; an enormous old gray fellow, the first to show himself, and the first to get the contents of my piece down his windpipe, which turned he up, and left room for the next, which was soon on his back. Now, I thought that two shots would scare the rest; but in this I was mistook. To load was out of the question; so I was forced to turn my gun into a club, and lay it over their heads in a way that must have been pooty oncomfable. Only one to a time could get himself into the place; and each one was so eager to make his supper off me, that they would get into a snarl among themselves, and forget all about me till I would remind them with a tap on the nose. Every one of their heads was red-raw bloody; and some of 'em had only one eye left to glare at me, and more of 'em had their pootiest teeth knocked down their throats. O my children, it were the toughest battle I ever had for my life! Not a morsel of the back-stock of my gun were left, — nothin' but the two barrels, and they was bent and twisted up like wires. But

I was n't nary a morsel tired, — not I. I felt so strong as a giant. I felt as if God was a-helpin' of me, — I knowed He was.

"At last they begins to hang back; all but one fiend, ef I must call 'en so, with a pair of the wickedest eyes as I ever see, and his ribs a-stickin' out a'most through his skin, and great white teeth so long as my finger. Well, he kip it up and kip it up; and I lave 'en have it on the noppercase — my eyes! what a noppercase! — Bynby, his hinder paws sort of give out, which threw back his head, and down I rams the gun-barrels into his gullet, and scrunched 'em round and round into his insides; and he giv' a yell and there was no more of he; which, so soon as the others see, they all sot off so fast as they could, and laved me with three of 'em stone dead to my feet.

"I could scarcely believe it when they was gone. I thought they might be only tryin' to coax me out; so I pokes my head round and there they was makin' for the pond!

"Well, I was n't much used to cryin'; but when I saw how the Lord delivered of me, I down on my two knees, and I busses right out like a little young child, so as I could n't say what I wanted to say for sobbin' and sobbin', I was that glad and thankful. But when I come to myself agin, what do I see but the flesh on my two arms pounded to a jelly agin the sides of the cave. Oh, it was tarrible — tarrible! and I can show you the marks to this day," said the old man stripping up his sleeves and exhibiting on his brawny arms deep traces of those fearful wounds. The sight of the very scars made us shudder.

The old man then proceeded to inform us that his first thought was that he must lose his arms; then he felt so faint and exhausted, that his life seemed doubtful. However, he managed to drag himself along in the direction of the settlement; at length, coming in sight of a little cabin or "tilt," as it is called, he contrived to get to the door, where he dropped down, and knew nothing more until he found himself stretched out on a bed on the floor, carefully tended by the very widow and her two children to whom he was bringing the partridges. As it was late in the night by this time, no message could be sent to Mr. Mallard. The widow bathed his wounds, and used such simple but effective remedies as experience suggested to her; and early the next day, leaving poor Scupper in charge of her children, she brought word to Mr. Mallard, who soon came in his sled and carried the Captain to his



house, "where I lived and was doctored by that same poor old widow woman," said the Captain, "till the tenth day of May follerin', at which time I came home with my two sound arms, thank God, in my little craft, the *Good Intent*. But this I ought to add, that Brazeel Peter started when he proposed; but from that day to this he was never heard of — never — never!"

"What do you suppose became of him, sir?" asked my companion.

"Well," answered the Captain, "there may be a dozen ways in which the poor fella may have met his end. Injuns are hard to kill; but there was a terrible snow-storm jess after he left, and he may have been smothered; or he may have

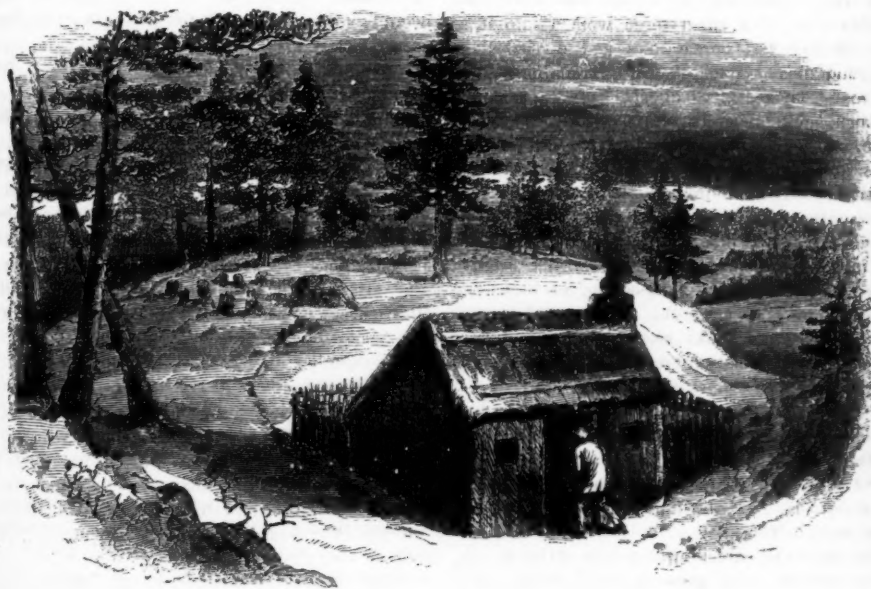
broken through the ice, or got into a traterous mash,\* or ben ett wi' wolves; the Lord only knows!"

"Was he one of the Red Indians?"

"Oh, bless you, no; no indeed. I may's well have took one of them wolves for a guide as a Red Injun; no, he was a Micmac — he was. There was no Red Injuns seen round that region for years before; p'raps there was none left, or if there was, they kept themselves away into the interior among the big lakes," said the Captain.

"Did you ever meet with any, Captain?"

"Yes, I see two or three, and some time or another I'll tell you all about them. You know



they were the first people as lived in the country — I forget what you calls 'em."

"The aborigines," I suggest.

"Yes, yes; the ab'rigines; and they used to paint themselves with red ochre, and all belonging to 'em, — their bows and arrows and clubs and canoes, and all; and so that's how they come to be called Red Injuns. They was very quiet, peaceable people first along; but the whites, when they come, and see the Injuns had lots o' furs and skins, they used to shoot 'em, and take away their property; so the Injuns, they vowed vengeance agen all the pale faces whatsoever, and used to come down by night and steal the white man's

property, and murder all they could cotch. This made the Christians hate 'em more and more; and so they used to go into the woods in parties and shoot the poor Injuns jess like wolves; and it was n't till after this bloody work had been goin' on for a couple of hundred years that the government made a law that the Red Injuns was subjects, and should be protected in their rights like white settlers. Then the government, they sent out men to make friends with the savages; and the way they did it was, they used to pick up any straggling red woman they see and carry her off to civilize her. This was the wo'st way

\* Marsh.

possible. It did more harm than good, for soon there was n't one red man to be seen in the country; and it is unlikely there is one left now."

"Were those you saw, women, Mr. Scupper?" asked my friend, who was very curious in regard to these people.

"Yes; three of 'em, — Shanandithit, her sister, and her mother. They were found near Twillingate in the Bay of Exploits, in the summer of '23. Some men were in huntin', and they see a man comin' down a hill shaking a club. The men stood till the stranger come right up to them, when he turned out to be a furious Red Injun goin' to kill them; so they shot 'em dead and left 'em. When they were goin' home they come across a wigwam, with three women into it, so they seized the poor critters and carried them off, and finally fotch't 'em to Sain John's, and there I see them. Shanandithit was a splendid woman, nearly six foot high, with a handsome face, and teeth as white as the driven snow. She was about twenty-two years old. They were a great curiosity for the people. This girl was very kind and good-natured, and fond of queer ornaments, such as kittles and tin-pans and nails. A man give her a lead-pencil one day, and a piece of paper, and she drew a deer jess as perfect as a painter. None of 'em lived more than two years, poor things. Ah, the poor critters, the red men! Ef they had n't ben treated like wolves it might have ben differ'nt with them."

"That's true, Captain," said I, "and that reminds me to ask what became of the wolves you killed."

"Of they? I'll soon show you what became of one of 'em," said the Captain. "Marthy Ann, fetch me the Bible."

We heard this order with considerable curiosity, as to how he could show us in the Bible what became of the wolf. But expecting another bit of the old man's eccentricity, we watched the smiling girl as she reached down a flat candlestick from the shelf, lit the inch or two of tallow, and, shielding the feeble light with her hand, stepped into the parlor and soon reappeared with a quaint-looking little volume, which she reverently laid on her father's knee, displacing the old black cat in so doing. She then whispered to her mother, who rolled up her knitting, and the pair began getting down mugs and plates from the dresser.

The Captain held the Bible in his hand, and, tapping the cover with his pipe-stem, asked if we saw that book.

There was no doubt of this.

"Do you know how I came athwart that book?"

We had not the remotest idea. And here I may state that the Captain obtained none of his books, or in fact very little else of his ornamental property, in the usual, matter-of-fact way that most people do. There was a romance in every article.

"*Hereby hangs a tale,*"

may be the motto of all the volumes in his little library.

"Well, I'll tell you all about it," continued the Captain. "Ten year after I come back from the Pond that time, on the seven and twentieth day of October, about four or five o'clock in the evenin', (I won't be positive as to time,) we was a-comin' home from the Larberdoor, and was becalmed off the Funks. It was a beautiful mild day, and I was leanin' over the starboard quarter, listen' to a whale as was blowin' about two mile away, and a-lookin' at the birds swimmin' about, when what should I see floatin' along agen the side o' the craft but a little, small hair trunk. There was a spunyarn lashin' around 'em, to kip 'em, as it mubbe, from fallin' abroad; so I takes a gaff,\* gets over the side, and hooks 'em up. He warn't heavy; and when I gets 'em on deck and opens 'em, what do you suppose was into 'em?"

We were unable to say.

"Well," continued the Captain, "there was a full suit of boy's Sunday clothes, two bottles of medicine, a roll o' stickin' plaster, and this very identikal book wot you sees afore your eyes! Of course the water had damaged the book some, loosened the kivers and that; but 't was all there. And who the things belonged to, the angels only knows!"

"Was there no writing in the Bible — no name?" we inquired.

"There was writin', but no name; and the writin' was the poetiest words ever you see or heard on. It said: 'My dear Edward — Take' — no — 'that you mubbe,' — no, that's not exactly it; my memory don't sarve me about larnin', but Marthy Ann," said the Captain in a loud whisper, leaning over to us and turning his eyes in the direction of the girl, who, of course, was all unconscious of the praise, — 'she's got the greatest mind fur varses and that, ever was, and she knows it all.' Then, in a louder tone, — "Marthy Ann, what's these words, you know, writ in this Bible?"

\* A long pole with an iron hook on the end.

Martha hesitated and coughed.

"Come now, let's hear 'em," said the old man encouragingly, and clearing his throat too. "Hem, come now."

"Why, father, you know them; besides, they can be read easily."

"Yes, but I likes to hear you say 'em; come now, that's a pooty gairl."

Martha, with a deepening glow on her cheek, turned partly round, leaned her hand on the table, and with her eyes on the floor, repeated in a tremulous, chanting tone:—

"My dear Edward,— Take this precious book,  
And let it be a lamp unto your path  
Through all the days of your life.  
That you may be preserved  
From all temptation,  
And abide in the peaceful ways of virtue,  
Innocence, and truth, which lead  
To the Haven of Rest, is the prayer  
Of your affectionate mother."

"Yes, yes!" said the old man, wiping a tear from his overflowing eyes, "that's the sweet words! that's the sweet words! Is n't they? Some poor mother to her son. That's all there was. Not another synable or mark. And whether the poor boy was lost, or how that trunk came into the water, or where it comes from, God and his blessed angels only knows. Ah! there'll be many and many a happy, unexpected meetin' o' childern and parents by an' by when the sea gives up his dead. Yes, yes; you kin read the words for yourselves, here; and take a copy of 'em ef you mind to. Dozens have done so, — took copy of them sweet words. Why, our pa'son, the night small Tommy was christ'ned, he read the words over and over, and cried over 'em, he did; and the very next Sunday, ef he did n't prach all hees sarmon out of 'em, — the pootiest, feelin'est sarmon ever was knowed, — all about

the great sea and them that sleeps in it; and about how childern and friends is parted and never sees each other any more; and all about losses and crosses and trials; and where's the only true port o' safety in the blessed skies! Oh yes, he did! Well, as I was goin' to say, I took the book and tied 'en up, and foteht 'en home. Thinks I one day, I'll have a new kiver put on he, and have 'en sot together by a bindryman, as they calls 'en. So the fust time I goed to Sain John's, I takes the book and a bit o' skin I had by me, and I gev it to the man, and he fixed 'en up jess as you see 'en now. And now do you know what that skin is from?"

We are unable to say precisely, but have a dim suspicion.

"Well, ef you believe me, that bit o' skin come off the old wolf that I had such a tussel with. Mr. Mallard, he got the skins for me. And now every time I takes this blessed book into my two hands, I thinks of how the Lord delivered of me out of the paw of the wild beast; and so I larned all my life to trust in the Lord, and He never left me nor forsook me all my days."

By this time the berryocky and cake were handed round, with many apologies from the women-folks for the deficiencies of the refreshments, which were quite needless, as all was excellent. And, indeed, if they were not, the generosity, the simplicity, the goodness and geniality of this happy household would make the poorest viand sweet and agreeable.

We slept that night in a good bed, and were lulled to rest by the low, monotonous murmur of the Atlantic billows rolling in eternally at the base of the stupendous cliffs, and over the far-off rocks and reefs.

HARRY BOLINGBROKE.

## DORY AND DORA:

AN ADVENTURE IN ONE OF LAST WINTER'S SNOW-STORMS.

### PART II.

I WENT back into the car and told Dora and her mother what had happened. They were both very much frightened. Dora's mother said she did not know what they should do.

"We shall have to stay here all night," said she, "and no fire to keep us warm."

But I told her that they certainly would find

out before long that they had left a car behind, and would come back for us.

"I don't believe they can come back," she said. "I don't think they will even try to do it to-night, and then if it goes on snowing so fast as this, very likely they won't be able to get here even to-morrow. And we have not got any fire, nor

any thing to eat; and my poor child will freeze, or starve, or both together."

As she said this, she drew Dora up as close to her as she could, and put a part of her cloak around her, to try to keep her warm. I pitied her very much, but I did not see what I could do. Presently I thought there might possibly be some house in sight, and I said I would go and see. So I went out first upon one platform and then upon the other, and looked both ways. In one direction there was a turn of the road around a high rocky hill, and on the other some woods. The woods extended on one side along opposite the track, and I could see the top rails of a fence between the woods and the road.

When I came back I found that Dora's mother had another fear. She had then a notion that a train might come up behind and run into them. I told her that there was only one train a-day on that road, but she said there might be a freight-train, or something or other. I did not think of this until she mentioned it, but I concluded that there was some danger, and that I must contrive some way to avoid it. I thought first of building a camp in the woods, and making a fire there, out of the rails from the fence, and then of our leaving the car altogether; and then they might run into it as much as they pleased. But when I reflected that it would take me a full hour to build my camp and make my fire, and that the freight-train would be as likely to run into us during that hour as any other, I concluded to give up the idea. Besides I had not any axe, and it is very hard to make a camp in the woods without an axe.

Then I proposed to go out and try to make my way along the road a certain distance, to see if I could not come in sight of a farm-house somewhere, but Dora said I must not go. I should get lost and buried up in the snow, she said, and then what would become of them! Her mother, too, refused to listen to any such plan. Then I told them that at least I must put up a red flag to warn off any train that there might be behind. There was no need of one *before*, for the conductor would find out when he got to the next station that a car had been left behind, and so if any thing came back at all it would come carefully. The only danger was from behind. Dora's mother asked me where I could get a flag. I told her that perhaps I could find one somewhere about the car. So I went to look. I looked under the seats near the door, and under the sofa in the little retiring room for the ladies, partitioned off at one end of the car. I found

here a lamp-filler and some brushes, but no flag.

All at once it came into my head that I had a red flannel vest on under my shirt, and that I might make that do for a flag. So I whipped off my coat and waistcoat and took off the flannel vest, and then put the other clothes on again. Then I took a broom which I found there, or rather brush, which had a long handle, and tied my vest to the top of it with a piece of string I had in my pocket. I came out of the retiring room and proceeded to the other end of the car, where Dora and her mother were sitting near the stove. But I did not stop to talk with them, for fear that they would object to my going. I told them I was not going far, and should not be gone long, and that they must not be at all concerned, for if I found the snow too deep, I should come back directly.

I got down off the platform into the snow. It came up above my knees. It was rather light, however, and I could get along through it very well. After I had gone a few steps, I looked round and saw that Dora's mother was standing at one of the end windows of the car, with her face close up to the glass, and her hands put up on each side to shade it from the glare, watching me. I waved my flag to her to let her know I was all right, and then went on. She told me afterward that she did not know that the flag was my flannel vest. She supposed it was something that I had found under the seats of the car, though she thought it was a queer-looking thing.

When I got opposite to the turn in the road, by the rocky hill, the snow had blown away so that I could walk along pretty easily. After I had gone far enough, I dug away a place in a deep snow-drift by the side of the road, and set the brush in, and then trampled the snow down all around it as hard as I could. In this way after a time I made the flag-staff stand pretty firm,—firm enough I thought to prevent the wind from blowing it over. The flag was already tied to the top of the handle and made a very good danger signal. So I left it and wallowed back to the car.

Dora and her mother looked very much relieved and pleased when they saw me coming back safe. They asked me if I was not half-frozen. I told them I was not cold at all. In fact the hard work of wading through the snow, and setting the flag made me so warm, that I did not miss my flannel vest at all.

I told them I was going out again to see if I



could not find some brush or something in the woods to make a fire. At first they were very unwilling to have me go. They said I would get lost in the drifts in the woods. But I told them there were no drifts in the woods, for the wind could not blow under the trees. And, besides, the snow always fell lightly there, I said, and I could easily wade through it. And at any rate I would not be gone long.

So I went out into the snow again, and climbing over the rail-fence I went into the woods. But I could not find any wood for some time, for all that was on the ground was not only buried up in the snow, but it was also frozen down. I succeeded at last, however, in breaking off some dead branches from the lower parts of the trees,—for the lower branches of trees in the woods always die for want of sun and air; and after a while they get so decayed that they can be broken off pretty easily. I brought a large armful of this sort of brush to the car and crammed it into the stove, and so we soon had a good blazing fire. This seemed to cheer up Dora and her mother very much.

I thought if I only had a saw I could take out some of the rails from the rail-fence, and saw them up, and so make a more solid and permanent fire,—whereas my fire of brush burnt out very fast. All at once it came into my head that perhaps I might burn the rails off at certain lengths, short enough to go into the stove, and I determined to try.

I had some little doubt at first whether I had a right to pull the fence to pieces and use the rails for firewood; but I concluded on reflection that the fence along the road-side undoubtedly belonged to the company, and that if their conductors went off and left any of their passengers in a car, blocked up in the snow-drifts, and without any wood, the least that they could do would be to furnish rails enough from their fences to keep the people from freezing.

So I went out of the car again into the snow. I went to the fence and pulled out a number of the rails. I left a top rail in at one place, and laid the ones I had pulled out across it, so as to keep them up out of the snow. Then I went and got a great quantity of brush together, and built a fire under my pile of rails at such a place as to burn the ends off at the right length to go into the stove.

Dora and her mother were watching me all the time while I was doing this, from the window of the car, and as soon as I had got my fire well burning, I went into the car again. I found that

the sight of the fire from the windows was so cheerful, that they both seemed to have lost all their anxiety and fear, and appeared to be almost as contented and happy as if they were at home. The fire did look pretty, I must acknowledge. The bright light that it made flashed on the snow all around, and brightened up the trees that were near so charmingly, that Dora clapped her hands with delight, and said that she wished very much she could go out there and stand by it. But of course her mother would not let her think of such a thing.

It was not long before the ends of the rails were burned off, and then I brought them in and made a good solid fire in the stove. Then I slipped the rails along further, and made another fire, and so before a great while I had a plentiful supply of pretty good fuel,—not so good as solid hickory or rock-maple, but still pretty good.

"And now," said Dora's mother, "if we only had something to eat we should be very comfortable."

This all at once reminded me of my stock of provisions,—which I took "in case of accidents." It turned out to be in case of accidents indeed.



I started up and went back to the seat where I had left my things, and pulled out a big bag full of cakes and turn-overs, and brought it to the

stove. I never saw any two people look more pleased than Dora and her mother did when I came to open it. If any thing, her mother looked more pleased even than Dora did. But then I believe she was pleased chiefly on Dora's account. Dora herself, however, looked pleased enough. And well she might, for it was now after midnight, and she had been kept wide awake by so much going on, and was very hungry.

I put the turn-overs down before the stove upon some sticks of my wood that I placed there for them to warm. I brought my bottle of milk too, and had that ready. Luckily Dora's mother had a little silver mug in her bag, which served us to drink out of, and I tell you when we got every thing ready we had an excellent supper. Dora was as bright and happy as a cricket, and her mother seemed to have her heart full of joy whenever she looked at her. She said she had not appeared so much as if she was getting well once since she had been sick.

After we had finished our supper I went out to get some more wood. I took the Henrietta with me, thinking I could haul in a whole load at a time. I went out to my fire, where I found a number of sticks ready. I piled them on the sled, and was lashing them there with the cord that had been used to bind on my trunk, when all at once I heard a loud whistle a little way down the road, beyond the turn where I had set my flag. I got out toward the track as soon as I could, and then waded along on the track till I came in sight of something monstrous in the midst of the snow. It had stopped snowing before this time, but it was night, though the snow kept it from being very dark, and it was a minute or two before I could make out what it was. But pretty soon I saw that it was a snow-plough with a locomotive behind it. The road turned there a little, so that the engine-driver by reaching his head out to one side could see me.

"Boy," says he, "hallo!"

"Hallo!" says I.

"What does this red flag mean?" said he.

"It means that there is a car here on the track all snowed up, and you must not run into us."

He jumped down and came along through the snow to where I was standing, but instead of stopping to talk with me he went right on to where the car was and looked at it without saying

a word. At length he came walking back through the snow, and asked me if they had got any fire in the car. I told him "Yes, a good fire."

"Then," said he, "you can stand it half an hour more while I go back two or three miles down the road to where I can get the snow-plough off on a siding, and then I'll come and take you to a station."

So the man went away, and I turned to go to the car to tell Dora and her mother about it. I saw them both looking out of the window, wondering what had happened. When I told them that a locomotive and a snow-plough had come to clear the road, and that the locomotive was coming back in a short time to take us to a station, Dora's mother seemed greatly pleased, but Dora said she did not care much, for she should not mind if she had had to stay there all night.

I went and brought in my load of wood and built up a roaring fire, — for I thought the time would pass quicker if we had a good fire. In less than half an hour we heard the whistle again coming up the valley. It advanced to where we were very slowly. I had taken in my signal and was drying my flannel vest before the stove when it came. The engineer hitched our car to the cow-catcher, by means of a very long link, and then began to back down the road. In about fifteen minutes we came to the station. The big snow-plough was there on the siding. There was a tavern adjoining the station, and we all went to it. We waited a little while in the parlor, by a nice fire, until they got two rooms ready for us, and then we went to bed, and slept soundly till morning.

Just as I was getting into bed I heard the bell ring, and looking out of the window I saw the locomotive going off again up the valley pushing the snow-plough before it. They got the road cleared so that a freight-train could go through the next morning. They coupled our car on at the end of the freight-train, and a good many other passengers besides us took advantage of the chance to go up the valley.

So we all got safely home, and after this I shall never find fault with my mother for being so careful always to provide beforehand for accidents.

DORY.

STILL VALLEY SCHOOL, Jan. 25, 1867.



## AMONG THE TREES.

June 10.

WE are learning to distinguish the different bird-songs, and a friend who has been visiting us has assisted us very much by telling us what he has observed himself, and what he has gathered from the observations of others. He says he has paid great attention to bird-music; by careful attention to these natural musicians, and by making himself familiar with the researches of others, he has collected a bookful of bird-songs. These are curious, and we have tried several on the piano with very good success.

Some have words as well as music, and we really can make the notes of the birds sound almost exactly like the words which the bird-studiers have given to their songs. Our friend says that we have double privileges in our place of abode. We are sufficiently civilized to be visited by the songsters which frequent the cultivated localities, birds of the gardens and orchards; such as the Wren, Robin, Goldfinch, Crimson-finch, Green Linnet, Song-sparrow, Bobolink or Conquedle, Golden Oriole, and others. These have a taste for human society, and build and sing in the vicinity of dwellings, in the plum-trees and the home-like, arm-extending, sociable apple-trees, and the tall pear and cherry trees; in the grassy meadow, and the edges of woods surrounding cultivated fields. But we are also sufficiently uncivilized to have the benefit of the sweet, serious songs of those birds which delight in the dim forests, the far-away woods; such as the Wood-sparrow, the Golden-crowned Thrush or Oven-bird, the Green Warbler, Red-start, Yellow-throat, Wood-thrush, Veery, Red Mavis, and many others. All these join in that rich morning concert which swells around us, and he says that they have an evening concert also, only there are so many other sounds then, and the business of the world so much around us, that we do not notice it. I mean to listen for it. I think we can hear it if any one can, for we do not meddle much with the "jar and jostle" of life, and are ready at any hour to listen to any voice calling to us from the dim old woods.

One little bird, called the Vesper-bird, sings an evening song at a time when most other birds are silent. Our visitor says also that the solemn strains always begin the morning concert, and this is true; for in listening to them I have always noticed a wild, mysterious solemnity in the beginning, and by degrees lighter and gayer minstrels

join in, till finally the Bobolink, that type of all merriment and nonsense, presumes to strike in with his merry note.

He told us also of the little Green Warbler or Greenlet, whose song has a plaintive, entreating sound, as if imploring some patron saint, and the words which it seems to use, and which he says almost startle you by their distinctness when heard in the hushed woods, are, —

"Hear me, Saint Theresa!  
Hear me, Saint Theresa!"

This may seem a stretch of imagination, but he says that a careful observer of the notes of birds, who has written very interestingly on the subject, has set these words to music, and describes the sound as the "pensive note of the Green Warbler, who seems, in supplicatory tones very slowly uttered, to say, 'Hear me, Saint Theresa!'" repeating the strain for ten minutes or longer, and it is one of those melodies which seem to belong exclusively to solitude. There is a plaintive expression in this musical petition that is apparent to all who hear it. Helen and I have listened with all our ears for a Green Warbler for hours and hours in the still woods. Alas, we have not yet heard it, for all our ability to make things sound as we wish. Only think how enchanting it would be if we could entice one to build in the cool, overshadowing beech-tree above our grotto; then how singularly appropriate would swell that tender, pensive song, "Hear me, Saint Theresa!" and what a thousand pities it seems that when there really is such a suitable bird, it should not be persuaded to fill that niche. Another interesting bird is the Red Mavis, that delights to sit on some tree in the edge of the wood, while the farmer is planting his corn, and keep up, as it were, a watch of his movements and an incessant sparkle of sweet song, always delightful, and which sounds like this, "Drop it, drop it, — cover it up, pull it up, pull it up, — see there, see there, — work away, drop it, drop it, cover it up, cover it up." Then there is the Golden-crowned Thrush or Oven-bird, which builds an oven-shaped nest, covered on the top and a small hole for a door on one side. The Golden Oriole is abundant here, delighting to visit the apple-trees when in blossom; the pensile nest of one hangs swaying on a branch of a tall elm near my window, and these beautiful birds may be seen flashing through the foliage at almost any time.

We saw the other day two splendid birds, brilliant scarlet. They were on the trees in front of the house for a little while, but soon took flight toward the woods; and that same afternoon as we walked on the hills, we saw flitting through the trees the very same birds as we supposed, and a gay scarlet feather came floating down at our feet, which we kept in remembrance of our brilliant visitors. On our way home we inquired of a farmer whom we met what birds these were. He said he did not see them, but guessed they were what his boys called Fire Hang-birds. But they were not, for those are the Orioles; and a gentleman has since told us that they were Scarlet Tanagers, which are sometimes seen here for a little while in the summer.

Every evening at about eight o'clock a Whip-poor-will begins his peculiar song in some quince bushes not far from the house. Strange, liquid, pensive sound, so clear, so wonderful in distinctness. This seems to be our only night-singing bird, unless one compliments the Screech-owl by calling his screech a song. "Dismal, boding Owl," — to be waked in the darkness of midnight by his appalling cry is enough to frighten any one, and I felt glad that my ears were prepared beforehand, so that I knew what it was; otherwise I should surely have thought it a cry of human distress. It is a dreadful sound, and a lady was telling us how she had heard it a few nights before, and in terror thought some child was lost in the ravine near the house. We inquired how it sounded, and immediately the lady's husband imitated the *forlorn yell*, for that is just what it is.

Soon after I heard it in the "dead waste and middle of the night." It sounded sufficiently terrific, but as I knew what it was in an instant, I rather enjoyed its unearthly hoot, trying to consider it as another of the rural sounds helping to make up the entire harmony of Nature. The Cuckoo, too, calls out in the distant woods all the long, sultry summer forenoon, a sound that captivates me always. I do not know what the association is, but something that makes it always interesting, — perhaps the pretty lines "To a Cuckoo," learned in early childhood, —

"Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,  
Thy sky is ever clear;  
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
No winter in thy year."

The Cuckoo is very shy and seldom seen, and seems to shun human society. A farmer, an old gentleman of eighty, at a farm-house where we boarded one summer, told us one lovely morning that it was going to rain. "Going to rain, Grand-

pa?" said one of the party; "what makes you think so, — there is not a cloud to be seen?" "Ah," said he, "don't you hear that sound the Cuckoos are making; they are calling for rain, and they never make a mistake." We then inquired about the Cuckoo, how it looked. "I never saw one," said he; "I have lived here boy and man over eighty year, and I never caught sight of one; they are dreadful scared critters." Helen thinks she shall not live "eighty year," and fail to catch sight of a Cuckoo.

Aunt Emily says that once when she was visiting a schoolmate residing on Temple Street, Boston, some Cuckoos had a home in a tree on a corner of the street, and strangely enough, those sounds, always associated with the most solitary woodland recesses, broke over the hum of the busy city. She and her friend used to sit at the window and listen to the mysterious call, which would cease when any thing like bustle was near, but break out when silence was restored. They must have had their trials in such an uncongenial locality, and there was no accounting for their being there, unless they escaped from a cage and had not yet found out that one tree does not constitute the forest.

It pains me, Rose, to speak truthfully of the bewitching Bobolink, with his merry song, so full, so sweet, so untiring. Such a stirring and respectable character, too, as he is in the northern and temperate regions, where he begins life with limited means, requiring considerable healthful exercise and effort on his part to take suitable care of his family. But he works for them early and late, and his dress is the "spick and span" of nicety; his black coat and white vest are above reproach, and his gay spirits overflow continually in a song brilliant, cheery, and unceasing. After a while he takes wing for a softer climate, where less effort is necessary. He now begins to degenerate, neglects his toilet, grows rusty and dingy-looking, stout and voracious; his clear, varied, and enchanting warble dies away; he becomes an epicure, and as the Reed-bird of the Middle States, he finds no mercy at the sportsman's hands. Those who "escape the snare of the fowler," and travel still further south, reach those climes of luxuriant vegetation where the boundless feast forever spread tempts to continual indulgence. The epicure soon degenerates into the disgusting gourmand, — the Rice-bird of the Southern States, and the Butter-bird of the West Indies; every accomplishment forgotten, — song, beauty, sentiment, all gone; become so dull and unwieldy by constant eating as to be easily knocked down by hand. Oh, be warned by this melancholy



history, — free, airy, exultant, beautiful Bobolink ! Yield not to the temptations of an idle, self-indulgent life ; strive not to escape from that degree of wholesome effort wherein lies thy only safety.

June 20.

The Tulip-trees are now in bloom. Beautiful and ornamental are they in every way : the fine glossy green and peculiar shape of the leaves, and the soft, creamy, distinguished-looking blossoms, make them objects of interest and admiration.

There are more flowers to be found this month than in any other in the year, and this is the sweetest of months. We have not been able to go out at all hours every day ; many have been quite too warm, but we have averaged about two new flowers daily, and we hate to think that the supply must soon be exhausted. There comes a time, we are told by those who know, in the latter part of summer, when there are very few flowers to be found ; and the late flowers, with a few brilliant exceptions, are not as enchanting as the early comers. We shall be away late in the season, but hope to be somewhere where we can look upon the Cardinal Flower, the Blue Gentian, and the summer-flowering Orchis tribe.

Among the flowers that we have particularly fancied this month are the beautiful and fragrant *Pyrola* tribe, white and rose-colored blossoms, and one with white veins in the leaves.

The elegant *Azaleas* are also equally charming for beauty and perfume, and the woods are all alight with their crowded bloom. These, with the nodding *Trillium* and Wild Lupine, the Sweet little Forget-me-not, the Evening Primrose, Bluebells, and Bethlehem Stars, the Wild Ginger, Blue Flag, Arrow-heads, Yellow Lilies and Blue-eyed-grass, with the Ladies' Slipper and Laurels, and the splendid white Water-lilies, can be arranged in bouquets equaling in grace and fragrance the garden pets. The pretty wild Touch-me-not is a curious little tawny yellow flower spotted with brown. The blossoms are shaped like little fairy pitchers hanging on slender stems ; and the seed-vessels, when ripe, burst with an elastic spring and a little explosive sound delightful to all youthful wood-wanderers. The wild Morning-glory grows luxuriantly over fences and among the rocks in the fields and meadows. A beautifully graceful one has crept up the posts of an old gateway between two fields, twining into all the cracks and crevices and the knot-holes even, and the fair white and pink blossoms have a strange beauty peeping out from these rude surroundings. These flowers shut up by midday, and are in perfection in the early

glow of the summer morning ; the buds, however, are perfect at any time. The Bluebell hangs over the points of the rocks, and nods with every floating breeze. It is called the *Campanula-rotundifolia*, but the green leaves are slender lines with no touch of rotundifoliaism to be perceived by eyes in general ; but if you look sharp at the very groundwork, you shall see that the root-leaves are small and round, a thing which I think we should hardly have discovered had it not been hinted to us, and it seems absurd to name the plant from this almost invisible appendage. The flower is lovely, and we concluded it was the Harebell of the poets, that which

“ raised its head  
Elastic from the airy tread ”

of our friend Ellen Douglas ; but a writer on plants says that Ellen Douglas's Harebell, which abounds in the woods and glens of Scotland, belongs to the genus *Scilla*, growing from a bulb and very unlike ours. I have, I believe, told you of no plants which have not beauty, grace, fragrance, or some sweet attribute to make them dear to the heart ; but there are some which seem destitute of all these, which are noxious and injurious only, and in this class the *Rhus-radicans* or Poison Ivy must take its place. This plant, I am sorry to say, is very fond of this part of the country. It is a wicked-looking vine, even before you know what it is ; and one very large one which grows in a dark, damp place near a stream, has climbed to the very top of a tall tree, clinging by the lateral roots which come out on all sides. These roots generally bury themselves in the bark of the tree to which they cling, but in this case they have become detached for the whole height of the tree, excepting at the very top ; and the huge vine, about the size of your arm and thickly covered with these black, hairy roots, sways with a sharp creak from side to side and is really fearful in its aspect. The place where it grows is the most desolate and forlorn of any spot we have seen in our walks, — a black, dingy, dismal-looking hollow, whence all healthful and fresh verdure seems to have fled, leaving the premises to what you can hardly believe is not an immense hissing serpent with thousands of legs.

This Ivy, and also the beautiful shiny Sumach, a friendly farmer advised us not to touch, as they “ were dreadful pisen to some,” he said. Nothing pisen us, however, we are glad to find ; but we feel no inclination to touch this snaky-looking Ivy, as snakes are our peculiar horror. And here I may as well say that our dread of these reptiles,

felt at first, is passing away, because we never encounter any of them. We cannot suppose that St. Patrick has exorcised these pests from these fair hills, as we have heard of one or two; but a gentleman living near us, who has lived here ten years, says he has never seen one, though he ranges the woods extensively. We ought therefore to be willing to put up with their imitations in poison Ivy.

I must not forget to mention the *Monstropaniflora*, or Indian Pipe or Ghost-flower. This is a singular plant of tawny, waxen white, with not a tinge of green from head to foot. The



flower is bell-shaped of this same disagreeable whiteness, and the leaves being partially transparent add to the unearthliness of its appearance. But it is so remarkable to find a plant with no touch of verdure about it, that one is tempted to pick it for the curiosity of the thing, though looking like a ghost on a small scale, as we imagine. We have found some of a pinkish hue, but generally they are wholly white.

These are parasitic plants, or growing upon the stems or roots of other plants, and of this family I shall tell you more by and by, as they form quite a large class, and though they are curiosities they are not favorites. There is something unnatural in their manner of growth, and they have not the sweet touch of the woods about them. This little Ghost-plant grows in abundance in a shady, damp grove which we often pass. The trees are so

thick that it is always dark, and the ground is covered with decaying leaves, and here you may see a whole colony of these shadowy looking phantoms. They are not shadows or phantoms, however, when you touch them, but cold, fleshy, clammy, disagreeable things. They would seem to be out of place in the beautiful fresh verdure of June, if any thing can seem out of place to the pilgrims of Nature.

June 27.

The season is in its perfect prime. The woods are filled with their own wood-perfume. Who has not met it when entering these warm, dusky forest paths? — this subtle and exquisite odor that Nature only knows how to prepare, and keeps, not bottled up with a tight stopper, but floating free on the light wings of every summer breeze. This "scent of the woods," so delicious, so exhilarating, no one can tell what it is like; there are touches of all sweet fragrance in it. It must be Nature's wonderful elaboration of Aroma, prepared expressly for her vernal darlings, wherein is enshrined all rare and delicate odors, — which are to go, this to the heart of the sweet White Violet, and this in its unequaled delicacy to the clusters of *Epigæa*, buried beneath old leaves in the dark pine groves; this to the tinted bells of the graceful *Linnaea* and the showering apple-blossoms; this to the fragrant Birch-leaves and the aromatic *Sassafras* and *Boxberry* and Sweet Fern, and the balsamic Pines and Spruces, and the tribes of Mint and Balm; this to the queenly Water-lily, and the superb White Lily, and the children's darlings, the Spring's sweet Lilacs; and this to the beloved of all, the Roses, the unrivaled Roses; this for the soft breath of sunny *Heliotropes* and regal Orange blossoms, for genteel, spicy Pinks, and those treasures of delicious fragrance the Rose Geranium, the Lemon Verbena, and Sweetbrier leaves, for gorgeous *Magnolias*, *Tuberoses*, and *Jessamines*, for Violets, Lilies of the Valley, and *Mignonette*; and so of many more which I would not slight, but to enumerate them all would fill volumes: but they are dear to all hearts, whether growing wild in the shaded forest, or trained in the sunny garden, or inhaling their sweetness from languid tropical airs, or finding it in the breezy freshness of cold mountain-tops. To all of these myriads of flowers and leaves and stems and roots even, is floating the sweet incense; and the charmed cup, the "balm of a thousand flowers," is offered to each glowing lip, and every graceful petal selects with unerring accuracy the very combination it needs for its own sweet uses.

## LIST OF FLOWERS FOUND IN JUNE.

CLASS.	ORDER.	GENUS. — SPECIES.	COMMON NAME.	CLASS.	ORDER.	GENUS. — SPECIES.	COMMON NAME.
1.	2. Magnoliaceae,	Liriodendron — Tulipifera,	Tulip-tree.	1.	62. Ericaceae,	Ledum — latifolium,	Labrador Tea.
"	15. Violaceae,	Viola — odorata,	Sweet English Violet.	"	"	Monarda — uniflora,	Rose-colored Pyrola.
"	"	Viola — lanceolata,	White Water-violet.	"	"	Pyrola — rotundifolia,	Round-leaved Pyrola.
"	"	Viola — stricta,	Pale-blue Violet.	"	"	Pyrola — elliptica,	Greenish white Pyrola.
"	9. Sarracenaceae,	Sarracenia — purpurea,	Pitcher Plant.	"	60. Lobeliaceae,	Lobelia — inflato,	Indian Tobacco.
"	24. Tiliaceae,	Tilia — Americana,	Linden.	"	61. Campanulaceae,	Campanula — rotundifolia,	Harebell.
"	8. Nymphaeaceae,	Nymphaea — odorata,	White Water-lily.	"	81. Convolvulaceae,	Calyptegia — septum,	Wild Morning-glory.
"	29. Balsaminaceae,	Impatiens — fulva,	Touch-me-not.	"	87. Aristolochiaceae,	Asarum — Canadense,	Wild Ginger.
"	32. Anacardiaceae,	Rhus — typhina,	Staghorn Sumach.	"	75. Boraginaceae,	Myosotis — palustris,	Blue Forget-me-not.
"	"	Rhus — glabra,	Smooth Sumach.	"	64. Aquifoliaceae,	Ilex — opaca,	American Holly.
"	"	Rhus — venonata,	Poison Sumach.	2.	112. Araceae,	Acorus — calamus,	Sweet Flag.
"	"	Rhus — Toxicodendron,	Poison Ivy.	"	116. Alismaceae,	Sagittaria — variabilis,	Arrow-head.
"	"	Rhus — radicans,	Climbing Ivy.	"	119. Orchidaceae,	Cypripedium — pubescens,	Yellow Ladies' Slipper.
"	35. Celastraceae,	Celastrus — scandens,	Wax-work.	"	"	Cypripedium — spectabile,	Pink Ladies' Slipper.
"	36. Sapindaceae,	Aesculus — Hippocastanum,	Horse Chestnut.	"	123. Iridaceae,	Iris — versicolor,	Blue Flag.
"	88. Leguminosae,	Lupinus — perennis,	Wild Lupine.	"	"	Sisyrinchium — Bernadina,	Blue-eyed grass.
"	"	Robinia — Pseudacacia,	Wild Locust.	"	125. Smilacaceae,	Smilax — rotundifolia,	Green Brier.
"	"	Trifolium — arvense,	Rabbit-foot Clover.	"	126. Liliaceae,	Lilium — Canadense,	Yellow Lily.
"	"	Trifolium — agrarium,	Yellow Clover.	"	"	Polygonatum — giganteum,	Large Solomon's Seal.
"	"	Trifolium — repens,	White Clover.	"	127. Melanthaceae,	Streptopus — amplexifolius,	Twisted Stalk.
"	"	Trifolium — pratense,	Red Clover.	"	"	Aconitum — viride,	Helebore.
"	39. Rosaceae,	Rosa — blanda,	Wild Rose.	1.	55. Caprifoliaceae,	Lonicera — flava,	Yellow Honey-suckle.
"	"	Rosa — Carolina,	Swamp Rose.	"	"	Sambucus — Canadensis,	Elder.
"	"	Potentilla — argentea,	Cinque-foli.	"	"	Viburnum — Lentago,	Sweet Viburnum.
"	"	Amelanchier — Canadensis,	Shad-bush.	"	"	Viburnum — acerifolium,	Maple Viburnum.
"	23. Malvaceae,	Malva — rotundifolia,	Mallows.	"	56. Rubiaceae,	Mitchella — repens,	Partridge Berry.
"	62. Ericaceae,	Chimaphila — umbellata,	Prince's Pine.	"	128. Liliaceae,	Polygonatum — biflorum,	Small Solomon's Seal.
"	"	Chimaphila — maculatum,	Spotted Winter Green.	"	"	Lilium — Canadense,	Yellow Lily.
"	"	Mousetropa — uniflora,	Ghost-flower.				
"	"	Kalmia — latifolium,	Ind. pipe.				
"	"		Mountain Laurel.				

## BETTY'S WISH-BONE.

BETTY swung her sun-bonnet back and forth as she stood in the door of the queer little house that had been pelted by so many storms nobody could tell whether it had ever been painted or not. It was a low house, with a roof slanting crazily down at the back almost to the ground, and all green with moss. Betty had climbed up to the ridge-pole when quite a little girl, and then tumbled over and over very fast indeed, rolling right down into a feather-bed her mother had put out to air, without being hurt one bit, save some scratches on her fat arms and neck. She did not think of climbing up there now, for

she was almost nine years old, and knew a great deal better than to do such things. In fact, she hardly had time to climb, for she was a handy little body, and Mrs. Brown could not have done without her.

Betty's mother had lived alone in this tumble-down house ever since Betty was a year old. In the summer, when city people came up to the pretty village under the great mountain, she washed and ironed all the day long, and when the beautiful white clothes were folded and laid in the long basket, Betty drew them to the village on a queer little wagon, which was nothing but a

piece of board with four wooden wheels and a rope for a handle. She could attend to nothing else on the way down, for the road was rough, and a careless movement would have tipped the basket over at once; but coming home there was no such responsibility, and she could run by the brook and watch the little fish skimming along, or pick flowers, or look for wintergreen berries.

When the summer ended, and there were no more washing and ironing, Mrs. Brown did coarse sewing, and Betty spent many hours on a little stool at her mother's side, sewing over-hand seams or hemming towels. Work as they would, cold and hunger sometimes pinched them. There



was no father to come home at night with the day's wages in his pocket, and often Betty's mother sat till late into the night, sewing on some garment, the price of which was to give them food and fuel for the next day. It was a hard life, and sometimes, when Mrs. Brown looked at little Betty fast asleep on the back-side of the bed, and thought of her growing up and working steadily just for life, without any of the bright, pleasant times that come to other children, tears fell very fast on her sewing, and she had to pray very earnestly for faith and patience.

Often now she talked to Betty of her desire to give up washing and buy a sewing-machine, and

told her how she could then do more work in an hour or two than she accomplished now in a whole day. Betty listened and wished, but where was the money to come from? It seemed useless to think of such a thing for one moment, and so the hard work went on.

This day Betty was to carry home the last washing for the year, and the long basket would be trundled back and put away in the garret till another season began. So she stood in the door, swinging her sun-bonnet, and looking out to the November sky which seemed very cold and gray. Tightly as those strings were sewed on, they certainly would have come off, if Betty's mother, balancing the basket on the shaky wagon, had not seized it, tied it under the round chin, and started her little girl off with a hug and a kiss.

Betty pulled her load along slowly through the wood; wondering as she went if mother meant to buy any thing for a Thanksgiving dinner. Tomorrow was the day; she knew they would go to church in the morning, and in the afternoon she thought she should take her rag-doll Amelia Jane for a long walk. Perhaps mother would make a turn-over, and then she could have a tea-party in the evening.

Thinking all these thoughts, she soon reached the village, and stopped before the white house where the boarders had been all summer. Mrs. Thompson was in the kitchen, and Betty, looking in as the fat Irish girl lifted the basket, smelled such a delicious smell, and saw so many nice things, that it was almost as good as having them.

"Come in, Betty, and get good and warm," said Mrs. Thompson, and fat Biddy jerked her up to the fire and planted her on a stool. "Shure thin, it's in goose-flesh the child's arums is," said she, "an' howiver she pulls along such a load a mile an' more, I can't see."

Betty was cold and tired, and there was a very wistful look in her eyes as she glanced at and then turned from, the long table, where pies and cakes and roast chickens were spread out in such array as she had never seen before.

Mrs. Thompson looked at her. "How hard she has always had to work!" she thought; "and yet how little money her poor mother earns, after all. She never frets, either. I wonder if they've got any thing for Thanksgiving. They deserve a good dinner if any body does."

Mrs. Thompson was very busy in her pantry for some minutes; and when the clothes were taken out, and the basket ready to go home, Betty saw there were some odd bundles in one



end, and that Biddy had tied it down firmly to the wagon.

"There's something in the basket for your mother, Betty," said Mrs. Thompson; "don't touch it till you get home."

Betty said "No, ma'am," and trotted off briskly. How her fingers itched to lift those papers and the towel and see what lay underneath! That was really a very trying mile, but finally the last step was taken, and she dropped the rope handle at the door, and flew to her mother in the kitchen.

"O mother, mother! come just as quick as you can!" she shouted; "I can't wait another minute!" and she pulled her astonished mother to the open door.

Betty thought that string never would be untied, and when the basket was really carried in and set on the kitchen-table, she was quite breathless with excitement.

What a sight it was when all the coverings were taken off! There was a roast chicken, a pumpkin-pie, and a mince-pie, some bright-red apples, and a little bag of nuts. Betty's eyes were very round as she saw these goodies come out, one after another, but Mrs. Brown's quite filled with tears, she was so pleased. "To think we should have a Thanksgiving dinner after all, and I saying to myself that nine years old as you was, Betty, you'd never had one yet. It's 'most too good to be true."

Betty dreamed of roast chicken all night, and even in church next day meditated a little during the long sermon as to how it was likely to taste.

When they had reached home and brightened up the fire, Betty drew the little round table into the middle of the room, while her mother searched for a fine white table-cloth, too precious for everyday use, and Betty pulled at each corner to get it just even, and patted down every wrinkle. The plates were old and cracked, and the two-tined forks joggled in their handles, as also did the knives, and Betty's drinking-cup was only a very battered tin one; but when the chicken was set on, and then the dish of white, mealy potatoes, and the pie, and the red apples, Betty's cheeks glowed, and her eyes were like two stars, as she thought what a splendid time they were going to have.

Miss Amelia Jane, whose weak back would n't allow her to sit up, was laid on a three-legged stool, and had little bits of every thing offered to her. Betty pretended she ate them, but as pussy sat under the table and kept very still, I'm in-

clined to think she knew where they went to, and that Miss Amelia Jane had very little to do with it.

Betty was very hungry, and after she had eaten both drum-sticks her mother put a nice little piece of white meat on her plate.

"What a funny little bone!" said Betty, as she made way with the meat. "It's got a little head, and two legs way apart. What's its name, mother?"

"It's the wish-bone, Betty," answered her mother. "When I was a little girl at home, I used to dry 'em, and break 'em with sister Sally. The one that got the longest end had her wish, and we always counted on gettin' all the wish-bones we could."

"Why — but, mother," said Betty, "if I wish when I break it, can I *really* get just what I want?"

"Try it and see," laughed her mother. "I don't say you will, and I don't say you won't."

Betty's face had quite a grave look, as, after finishing her pie, she hung the wish-bone on a hook inside the fire-place. She put Miss Amelia Jane to bed very quietly after the dishes were washed, and stared into the fire intently as she munched her red apple.

"There's chicken for to-morrow, Betty," said her mother, "and pie too, and enough apples for a week."

No answer. "What *are* you thinking of, child?"

"O mother!" said Betty, "I'm going right to bed. There's so many things I want to wish for, it makes me dizzy to keep thinking;" and Betty pulled off her clothes, said "Now I lay me," and jumped into bed.

Next morning after breakfast, she rubbed her wish-bone smooth, tied it up in a piece of paper, and put it in her pocket. There it stayed, — for, think as she would, Betty never could settle down finally on any one thing. Yet she took a good deal of comfort in knowing she *could* wish if she chose, and often told Amelia Jane in confidence of the fine things she should have if she only once decided to break the charmed bone.

So the winter passed away; spring came and merged into summer, and still the wish-bone was daily looked at, and daily returned to the pocket. Betty had almost made up her mind, and as she tugged the basket of clothes back and forth, thought with more and more enthusiasm of a doll.

Amelia Jane was really worn out, and now it must be a great doll, with real clothes and shoes

and stockings; — perhaps even a hat and parasol, like Lucy Smith's! Betty ran and danced as she dreamed of it, but still she did n't break the wish-bone.

The last of July came. Mrs. Brown was not well, and for a week Betty had had but little washing to take home. On Saturday, as she started with her last basket of clothes, her mother said, "Take your time coming home, Betty. Here's a ginger-cake you may put in your pocket, and take your tin cup along and maybe you can find some berries."

Betty's eyes sparkled. She had had no holiday for a long time. The day was hot and dusty, but she hurried on, delivered her burden, and almost ran till she reached the cool, green wood again. Then she sat down by the brook, under a great tree whose spreading roots were carpeted with soft green turf. A cool little breeze blew down through the branches, and the brook bubbled along over the stones in a quiet, dreamy sort of way, and Betty heard a bird hopping overhead, and saw a red squirrel run down a tree and back again.

"Raspberries!" said Betty; "I know she's got a raspberry." Off she ran to an open space in the wood; sure enough, there were raspberries in plenty, and her cup was soon filled. "Now I'll have a tea-party," said Betty; "I wish Amelia Jane was here."

She picked a broad, green leaf, put some of her berries in it, and mashed the rest in her tin cup. "Raspberry wine," said Betty, as she filled it up with water from the brook.

Then she broke up her ginger-cake into a great many pieces, put each one into an acorn-cup, and leaning back against the tree, ate and drank slowly.

"How nice it is!" thought Betty. "It's warm, and it's cool, too, and things taste good. I wish mother had some berries. I'll take her some in my cup when I go home; poor mother! she works all the time, and I can't do much of any thing but take the clothes home," — and here Betty's mind wandered off into all sorts of plans for helping.

"The wish-bone!" she thought, with a start. "I might better wish for mother than myself. Which shall it be — machine or doll?"

Betty was half-angry that such a question should come up, and she took her bone from her pocket with a little impatient jerk and laid it down on the leaf near her berries.

There was a stir in the bushes near her. She turned quickly. What a pale, dirty, miserable

little face was looking at her. Betty knew in a moment that it was little Ben Jones, whose mother had been sick in the poor-house a long time.

"Why, Ben!" said she, "what made you come here?"

"Mother's dead," said Ben; "and I ran away yesterday from the poor-house, and stayed in a barn all night, and I'm hungry, and — oh-h!"

Poor Ben broke down, and cried and cried. Betty looked at him, and then cried too.

"Ben, you may have the rest of my ginger-cake," she said, when his sobs grew fainter; "and I'll show you where the berries are, and you can wash your face in the brook, and I'll take you home with me, and mother'll let you stay to-night, I guess."

So Ben, quite comforted, scrubbed his dirty little fists and then his face in the brook, and wiped them on Betty's apron, and then the two children gathered berries, and Ben ate the ginger-cake.

The sun was setting when Betty remembered she must go home. She was half-afraid, as she neared the house, of what might be said to poor Ben, and sent him behind the house till she could tell his story.

Mrs. Brown had been thinking all that afternoon what would become of Betty if she were left alone, and her heart was tender toward all motherless children; so she said, "He can stay till Monday, Betty, and then something must be done for him."

Betty dragged Ben in from behind the wood-pile, where he had taken refuge, and as he looked at Mrs. Brown's kind motherly face, he cried again.

Supper comforted him, and a presentation to Amelia Jane followed.

"I've got something else, Ben," said Betty, putting her hand in her pocket.

"O mother, mother! Oh my wish-bone!" she cried a moment after. "I left it in the wood! O mother, what shall I do?"

Unhappy Betty! it was dark, and nothing could be found that night at any rate. Ben promised to look for it by daylight next morning, but Betty crept sadly to bed. "If I'd only wished," she said, "but now it's gone, and none of us won't have any thing at all."

Next morning it rained. How it rained! Ben came back dripping from a long hunt for it, and had to be wrapped in a quilt while his clothes dried.

Betty could not help laughing at the queer figure he cut, but it was a very sad Sunday.

Monday dawned bright and clear, and Betty would have dashed off to the wood at once, but her mother, who had looked very pale and strange ever since she got up, sat down suddenly in a chair near her.

"I've got to go to bed again, Betty," said she, "but don't you be frightened; make me some catnip tea after you've had your breakfast, and let Ben run to the village and tell Mrs. James I can't take her washing to-day."

When Betty returned, her mother sat up in bed, stitching on a fine bosom she had begun a day or two before. "It's no use, Betty," she groaned. "I thought I could finish it, but I can't, and there's only one plait done. Take it to Mrs. Hopkins, and ask her to do it on her machine."

Betty took the bosom, and watched the tiny plaits come one after another from under the flashing needle, quicker almost than her eyes could follow them, and when an hour or two later, she brought it back to her mother beautifully stitched, words hardly came fast enough to tell her wonder and delight at the rapid work. "If you'd sat up all night, mother, you could n't have made it look like that," said Betty.

"I know it," sighed her mother. "T would be easy work earning a living with one of them; but now I can't either wash or sew, and what we're to do the Lord only knows."

Many days passed, and poor Mrs. Brown still lay there, quite worn-out with hard work. Perhaps the poor-house people were glad to get rid of Ben. At any rate, there he stayed, and Betty and he took turns in house-keeping. He chopped up their firewood, brought water from the brook, and ran of errands till Mrs. Brown often wondered what they should have done without him. Their money ran very low before she had strength to sit up again. Kind people in the village helped them in many ways, but the prospect before them was very dark.

"Oh! if I'd only wished!" Betty thought many a time as she heard her mother sigh—"if I'd only wished for the machine right away, mother would n't have been sick; and oh! when shall I get to look for my wish-bone?"

One afternoon Mrs. Brown, looking at Betty's pale cheeks, thought a run in the wood might do her good. "I can spare you to-day, Betty," she said, "so run off and have a rest, my good child."

A little hope came to poor Betty, and as she kissed her mother she thought, "Maybe I'll find the wish-bone, and wish after all."

She went slowly along toward the brook and the great tree. Three weeks and more had passed

since her loss, and she felt it was almost useless to search. Still she lifted up every leaf, looked under every stone, and in each crevice about the roots of the big tree. She did not see that a tall gentleman on the other side of the brook was watching her curiously, and so when she burst into a great passion of sobs, and threw herself on the ground, she was startled to hear a voice saying, "My little girl, what is the matter?" Betty looked up. It was a kind face before her, and her trouble was too great for bashfulness. "O sir!" she cried, "I lost my wish-bone before I'd wished, and mother's sick, and we can't ever have any thing!" and Betty cried again bitterly.

Little by little, the stranger drew the whole story from her.

"I would n't give up yet," he said; "let's look for it together."

Betty felt encouraged in spite of herself. "I've looked everywhere," she said; but even as she spoke the stranger turning up a dead branch disclosed the wish-bone!

"Oh!" screamed Betty, "I've got it, and now we can have every thing!" and she cried again for very joy.

"Will you break it with me, Betty?" said the stranger.

Betty looked dubiously at him. Why not, though? He had found it for her, and who had a better right? She held out one end, but what a sharp little conflict began all at once as she held it. She had thought that if only the bone were once found, she should not hesitate one moment in her wish, yet never had the doll seemed so lovely or so much to be desired. Self-indulgence and self-sacrifice battled fiercely in Betty's mind, and the stranger watching her, saw curious expressions flit over her little face.

"I'm awful to think of my doll one minute when mother has been so sick," thought Betty.

She shut her eyes tight, she was so in earnest, and pulled at her end as she said to herself,—"I wish mother might get well right away, and have a sewing-machine, so't she need n't ever have to wash any more."

"Betty did n't know in what a loud whisper she said these words, for she heard a little crack, and opening her eyes saw the long end in her hand! "Oh goody!" shouted Betty, and then sat quite still.

"Tell me what you wished—won't you?" said the stranger.

"I could n't," Betty answered, "for you know it would n't come true if I did."

There was a queer little smile in his eyes as

he said, "Then don't tell it by any means;" but Betty was too busy in thought to notice it, and darted home as soon as she could get away. Ben met her half-way, and said they were to go to the village together for some medicine, and so an hour and more passed before she reached home again.

Betty gave a great jump as she went in, for the stranger sat there quite at home, and laughed aloud as she stood perfectly still in astonishment.

How mysterious it all was. Betty had to be told a great many times before she could really understand that this tall gentleman was own brother to Ben's mother; that he had been in China for many years, and that coming home with more money than he could ever want for himself, he had found that there were no relatives left to help him in spending it save this one little Ben. "Uncle Dan," he said the children must call him; but Betty thought she never could give him that name.

After all, though, this afternoon had made them very well acquainted, and before bed-time Betty felt as if she had known him all her life, confided to him all her hopes and desires for her mother, and even whispered a description of Lucy Smith's doll.

It was astonishing how fast her mother got well, now that she did not worry so much about their future, for Uncle Dan said those who had cared so kindly for his little nephew must never want again. When one day he told them he must go to New York on business, Ben and Betty were almost heart-broken, and only consoled when he promised to come back in a week or two.

Two or three days afterward, a wagon lumbered over the wood road and stopped at the little house. Out of it came a great wooden box, at which the driver and Ben hammered away for some time. When it came apart, there proved to be a small box inside, and on it was printed in great letters, —

#### "FOR BETTY BROWN."

Betty saw something else; what it was she did n't know, but she felt.

"Mother, O mother! it's the sewing-machine; I know it is; I know it is! I knew my wish was coming true!"

Betty was right. There it certainly was, in its pretty walnut case, the fairy that was to bring ease and comfort and freedom forever from hard, ill-paid labor. Mrs. Brown's eyes were full, and her hands shook as she lifted the lid and looked at the shining silver plate, and bright busy needle, and Betty danced wildly around, pulling Ben with her.

Meanwhile the driver had been knocking the cover off Betty's box. In it lay a paper one tied carefully. Betty's fingers were almost as unsteady as her mother's, when she untied the knots and lifted the cover. There was one delighted little squeal, and then she stood quite still before a doll, — such a doll! Lucy Smith's was nothing to it, — lovely blue eyes, and curling hair, and red cheeks, and dressed just like a little girl five or six years old, — button-holes and all, — so that she could be undressed every night, and, beside the clothes, all sorts of pieces of silk and muslin and linen, so that Betty could make for herself dresses and aprons and all the little things. And in the bottom of the box there turned up such a beautiful book, with bright-red covers, and "Robinson Crusoe" on the back, and Ben's name in it! They were all quite wild, and Betty told her mother she thought they ought to be very thankful to God for making wish-bones.

Uncle Dan came back again, and enjoyed their happiness fully as much as they did. He stayed at home long enough to see Mrs. Brown overrun with orders for sewing-machine work, and to place both Ben and Betty at school. Ben himself was to decide on his future as he grew older.

Betty lost a little of her faith in wish-bones as years went on, but to this day she keeps the pieces of her first one in a little box, and was heard to say lately, as she looked at a fine carriage with its coat of arms, that if ever she were rich enough to ride in one, she was sure she should have a wish-bone painted on each door.

HELEN C. WEEKS.

#### ANTS

Most of my readers have doubtless seen ant-hills by the road-side. Call with me at one of these little ant-houses, and look inside. At the first glance, the inhabitants all look alike; but if you study them a little while you will find some small,

with long slender legs and smellers — these are the males; others very much larger, with short stout legs and feelers — these are the females, and as well as the males have four wings, and the three little eyes such as I once told you the fly had on



the top of his head. Still others have no wings, and are even smaller than the males; they have stout legs, and are the workers; upon them devolves the nursing of the little ones and the building of their homes, in fact, all the every-day life of antdom.

Few insects have attracted more attention than ants, and yet a great many mistakes have been made about them, their nature and object, and even their food. You all remember what Solomon said: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise, which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the autumn." Now what may be true about ants in Palestine and other warm countries does not apply to ants in our latitude, for here they do not lay up stores for the winter months, as is popularly supposed; the males and females always die before the end of autumn, and the workers who are left sleep all through the winter months, and consequently require no food. You have often seen ants running about with little whitish grains in their mouths, and probably supposed them to be their food; but the fact was they were carrying their young about in their mouths, just as you have seen a cat run upstairs with a kitten in her mouth.

Ants live together in communities, with apparently no rulers or guides, that is, they submit to no recognized authority; for while they show unbounded love and respect for their queens, they do not pretend to mind them in the least. Each ant does its share of work independently of its neighbors, but never at all interfering with them.

In the winter the ants, that is the workers, sleep, but early in the spring they awake from their lethargy and begin to bustle about. Sometimes a warm day in winter will tempt them out, but they generally either perish of cold or are spied out by some hungry bird ever on the alert, that gobbles up the tempting tidbits without any remorse.

The first thing that they do in the beginning of the season is to go to their pastures and see how their cattle are thriving, for you must know that ants keep cows, and milk them every day. Some ants even build little walls around their pastures so that their cattle need not stray away, and that harm may not come to their cows and calves; whilst others carry them home and keep them in rooms prepared for them, taking them out to feed every day on the neighboring plants. They oftentimes have severe fights with the wolves and their cubs which come to devour their herds. These wolves are nothing more or less than the

lady-bug and her young, who eat only ant-cow's meat.

You have probably seen rose-bushes and other plants covered with little green insects called the plant-lice or blight; these are the cows, and you have only to watch a procession of ants climbing a tree to their pastures to see the whole operation of milking, which is accomplished by the ant gently stroking the cow with her smellers till a large drop of sweet liquid, called *honey dew*, falls from it and is greedily swallowed by the ant. This is really the sweet juice of the plant, which in the cow's stomach has undergone some change, just as the sweet juices of grass and hay are converted into milk.

After this, their first breakfast, they examine their houses and make whatever repairs or improvements are necessary, arrange the eggs which were laid the previous summer, and which are very, very small, not larger than grains of sand, so that they will be properly hatched, and then patiently wait for the coming events which cast their shadows before. The eggs require to be moistened every day, otherwise they would dry up, and so our little nurses are kept constantly busy turning the eggs over and over and wetting them with their spittle. The eggs begin to increase in size, till finally the young ants burst their shells, and queer little babies they are, with soft white bodies and hard brown heads. Now the workers become nurses and have their hands full of business, for their little charges having great appetites, must be fed often, and their chief food is the cows' milk, which the nurses bring home in their mouths and force down their babies' throats. After a few weeks the young of those ants that have no stings spin whitish cocoons about them, and in this shape are greedily sought for by an immense quantity of birds, who eagerly devour them. In France and Germany many little boys, too small for very hard work, gather them in pails and sell them to bird-fanciers, and so add their mites to the family earnings.

The solicitude of the nurses is very great at this period of their babies' existence, and in defending them will sacrifice limb or even life rather than give them up. The ants are now ready for delivery from their cocoons, and so the workers help them out by gnawing with their powerful jaws at one end of their cases, till they can scramble out of the holes so made. The new set of workers find plenty to do, enlarging their home, adding new storeys, digging new cellars, feeding the males and females, who are a very lazy set of people, never helping themselves, but oftentimes preferring

death even to soiling their fingers or jaws with labor.

In August these males and females, who until then have been kept in strict confinement, escape from their prisons and go off on a honeymoon trip of several hours' duration. So much dissipation soon kills the males, and the females, satisfied with sight-seeing, give up their giddy lives in the air, and convinced that there is less danger for them on the bosom of mother earth, return to their old haunts and prepare for a more sober life in the future, by breaking off their own wings, as though to remove all temptations for further aerial excursions. They then proceed quietly to lay their eggs, which are carefully taken by the workers and deposited in their proper places. Having thus completed their share of work, they soon after die and leave the workers and the eggs sole tenants of the once-populous nest. For a time the workers have plenty to do preparing their house to withstand the storms of winter, strengthening the weak points, closing entrances here and there, arranging the eggs so that they may pass through the cold winter months safely, and then they all go to sleep, and silence reigns through the halls of Formica. The returning spring repeats the programme of the previous year, and again the nest wakens to new activity, the cows are milked, and all goes merry as a marriage bell.

Ants are scattered all over the world, but are especially numerous in the tropics, where they constitute the food of many birds, and even of quadrupeds. To us in the north ants apparently are of little value, but we have only to change our abode for a few weeks and live in the hot countries on the equator to learn fully to appreciate their services to mankind, in ridding the houses of vermin of all kinds, for they march about from place to place in great armies, eating every thing that is unlucky enough to fall in their way. A cow left tied over-night in a barn was once surrounded by such a host of ants that long before morning nothing was left of her but her bones. In these warm countries cockroaches are beneficial to a certain extent, acting as scavengers; but after that they become so troublesome that the advent of an army of ants is joyfully welcomed, for their powerful jaws make mince-meat of the toughest morsels.

Ants eat all kinds of fruit, sweet juices of plants, honey, and sugar, and besides eat almost every kind of animal food, whether dead or alive; that is, they extract animal and vegetable juices and throw away the rest. They are particularly fond of sugar, and when they once get fairly at work on

a sugar plantation, they rarely leave any thing behind them but a bad name. If you put near an ant's nest any small object, a dead bird or a mouse, in a few hours it will be stripped of every particle of flesh, nothing remaining but the bones, and these soon drop apart if not promptly removed.

There are many varieties of ants, — some living under-ground, others in galleries in trees, whilst others live on the trees, building their houses of leaves and twigs. Mason ants build their nests of earthy materials, and yet they use no cement. They cannot use dry earth, but form their houses of small grains of moist earth piled up. This moist earth is either obtained from a depth below the surface in dry weather, or gathered on the surface when it has rained recently; in fact, some ants have been seen working away at house-building in a gentle shower, as merrily as though not a drop were falling. With a fresh breeze or a burning sun the ants cannot build on the surface, for the moisture is dried up too rapidly, and the work, if it sticks together at all, soon tumbles about their ears; but if the house is built when every thing is a little moist the wind and sun serve to set it. The pellets of earth are formed by scraping the ground with their jaws, and these tiny masses, when properly placed, are again kneaded and molded by their jaws, until, perfectly satisfied with its fitness, they give it a very decided pat with their fore-feet and run off for a further supply. These ant-hills contain many storeys, some above the surface and others below. When the sun heats the upper storeys too much, the nurses take the little babies in their mouths and hasten down into the cellars where it is damp and cool; and when after a rainy season the lower rooms are flooded, the nurses carry them up-stairs again, away from the threatened danger.

These ants often take boarders; in summer they are sometimes almost crowded out of house and home by multitudes of the young of the wood-louse, and in winter sundry beetles are provided with furnished lodgings without board by their accommodating friends the ants.

Wood-ants live in or near woods, and make their nests of almost any thing they can get hold of, — generally dried grass, twigs, bark; this is for the roof or covering; they dig down into the ground under this shelter, and in these galleries deposit their young. At night they all retire, closing up their entrances, and when it rains do not come out at all nor open their doors.

In New South Wales, a species of green ant builds its nest on trees, by bending down several leaves till the ends meet, — it taking many thou-

sands to keep the leaves in place, whilst others apply glue which Nature has given them till the points are all glued together, — and in this inverted tent the nest is built. In the same country a black ant digs out the pith, not only in the branches but even in the smallest twig, to the very extremity; so that when a branch is broken, the tree as it were becomes alive, dropping great drops of black blood from the wound, causing much astonishment and a great deal of pain to the bold experimenter, for their sting is like the prick of a red-hot needle.

Certain ants in South America, which build their houses of leaves, will in a few hours strip a large tree of its foliage, and then march off to their homes, each one carrying a green leaf in its mouth, which gracefully falls over its back like a huge water-fall, and as they move in large bodies, the long line of walking leaves presents a very curious appearance. These are called the Parasol Ants, — why, you can all see without my telling you.

Although there is so much love between the members of the same community, yet when different species or colonies meet, then comes the tug of war. Bloody the battle, and long the struggle, for neither party will readily acknowledge itself whipped; many lives lost and thousands mutilated attest their valor; but finally one party wins the day, and the remnant of the vanquished take flight to parts unknown, leaving the bloody field in the hands of the victors.\*

The ants have many enemies. They, both as babies and grown folks, furnish food for myriads of birds who grow very fat on them. In South America the ant-eaters, of which there are several kinds, have a very busy time reducing the immense supply of these insects. On arriving at an ant-hill the ant-eater scratches a big hole in it with his fore-feet, which are armed with very long, sharp claws, and then thrusts his tongue, which looks very much like a huge earth-worm, into the hole; the ants swarm together to repel the intruder, and he draws out his tongue covered with ants, which he greedily devours; after having pretty thoroughly cleaned out that nest, he goes on a little further — one does not have to travel very far in South America to find ant-hills — and repeats his attempt with like success. The armadillo and some other quadrupeds also feed upon them.

In more temperate regions, especially Southern Europe, and the Southern States of our country, the ant has a fearful enemy in the ant-lion, which I will describe somewhat at length, so that if you

should meet one you would know it. The grub or young ant-lion looks something like a wood-louse, with very long jaws, which curve in such a way that when brought together they make a very serviceable shovel. The grub has six legs, but only can walk backward; and after it has selected a position not far removed from the usual haunts of the ant, it begins its labor by digging down into the sand or dry earth. It digs by putting its jaws down into the sand, as though it were butting at an imaginary foe, and by rapid movements contrives to pitch the sand over its back, and by often changing its position and working very rapidly, soon completes a funnel-shaped trap, at the bottom of which, buried up to his nose, it lies in wait for its unsuspecting victims. When any thing approaches the edge of its den, a few rolling grains tell him of a meal not far off, and he is immediately on the alert. Like the Ogre in the fairy tale, he cries in his sleeve, "Fee! Foo! Fum! I smell the blood of a Formican!" His patience is soon rewarded; the unwary traveller stepping too near the brink is thrown into the pit, where he is eagerly sucked as dry as though he were a lobster-claw in the hands of a hungry boy, and the carcass pitched out of the den, which is immediately put in order for another visitor. If the victim attempt to escape, the lion increases the depth of his hole, which makes the walls steeper, and the loose particles thus thrown up act as shot to bring down the poor struggling ant. After a while the ant-lion grub gives up eating, and remains perfectly quiet for a short time, when suddenly the skin which has covered the monster's head so long begins to split, and out through the crack flies a lovely four-winged insect, very much like a Devil's Darning-needle; and a fearful dragon he proves to the ants, for with his change of dress and sudden rise in the world, he still has a fondness for juicy ants, and no longer has to resort to stratagems to catch them, but can fly directly to their fortresses, and pick them up whenever he feels hungry; thus snatching oftentimes the faithful nurse from her poor little foster-children, the brave soldier from his post of duty, the worker from her daily round of cares and duties, the builder from her unfinished wall, the cowherd from amidst her flocks.

If I had more time and more room, I would give you many more strange accounts of the ways of ants, their strength and sagacity, their fondness for one another, for they are as frolicsome as kittens; but I must stop now, hoping that you have found some new facts and will learn more by observing in the country this summer. W. H. D.

\* There is a graphic account of one of these battles in Thoreau's *Walden*, pp. 246-249.



## THE FARMER-BOY.

As the sun rises he goes to the field, —  
Breakfast is had by the light of a candle, —  
With a rake of his own and a fork so small,  
His boyish strength can bend its handle.

With him the grown men go to their toil :  
Merry and mighty they swing their steel ;  
The nodding clover falls before,  
And stricken curls 'neath their conqu'ring heel.

Waiting till damp swaths grow as they go,  
Watching the sheen of the whistling blades,  
He scatters the clots of glistening grass,  
And bids the sun to its cool, green shades.



Through the bright hours of early morn,  
His brown face glowing with healthy flushes,  
He toils till the mowers drop their scythes,  
And pause for lunch in some shadowing bushes.

Gay as the sparrow that chirps near by,  
He eats his share of the wholesome food ;  
And drinks from the jug a long, sweet draught  
Of water fresh from the spring in the wood.

Up again in the mowers' track,  
Striving to catch the one who leads him,  
He fills the air with a verdant cloud  
That follows him, crowns him, and precedes him.



Shrilly the locust makes his plaint ;  
Screams the fierce king-fisher seeking the brook  
The lambs on the distant hill-side bleat,  
And a cat bird mews in his shady nook ;

But the farmer-boy follows his fragrant way,  
Heedless of voices not strange to his ear,  
And scatters the grass, and wonders, the while,  
If bumble-bees' nests are plenty this year.



But hark ! from the hill where the white flocks  
feed,

Comes back an echo he's listened for long ;  
The dinner-horn sounds, and the mowers cease,  
And gladly he joins the hungry throng.

Back from the house he rides in the cart,  
Gee-ing and haw-ing the sluggish team,  
As they pause to pant and cool their sides  
Midway in a shallow, babbling stream.



The field is reached and the work begins ;  
One man "pitches," another man "stows ;"  
While the farmer-boy handles his little rake,  
And gathers the scattered locks as he goes.



High on the load to the barn he rides,  
Climbs to the mow and is soon at work,  
Treading the upheaved masses down,  
And stowing them close with his trusty fork.

Back to the field again and again,  
Working fast ; for a cloud 's in the west  
That threatens rain no long time hence,  
And father reckons this hay his best.

Thus all day long, o'er shaven knolls,  
Spreading the hay or "raking after ;"  
Riding the cart to the brown old barn,  
And stowing its load 'neath the lofty rafter ;

The farmer-boy toils till his hands grow hard,  
And his cheeks are roughened with various  
weather ;  
But his heart is light, and Peace and he  
Sleep through the quiet night together.

S. R. C.



## STORIES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

## III.

## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE; OR, THE THREE CASKETS.

SEVERAL hundred years ago, when the kingdom of Italy contained many proud and prosperous commercial states, but a few days' sail from the city of Venice there lived a very famous and wealthy heiress. She dwelt in a magnificent palace, built on a strongly fortified island, and there she kept the state and grandeur of a queen. This heiress, who was named Portia, was very beautiful, and one of the most intellectual women of the age. She was not only skilled in the working of tapestry and all sorts of exquisite embroidery, with which women filled up their time, but she was a rare musician, an accomplished scholar, learned in the arts and sciences, and well read in Venetian laws and history.

Her beauty was not of the order of Venetian women, who were most of them dark-haired brunettes. On the contrary, she was as fair as the fairest of Northern women, and her fleecy golden hair fell in soft-curling masses round her lovely neck and shoulders. She was tall and elegant in figure, and her dress and bearing was that of a princess who owed her birth to a race of kings. Her origin was indeed almost royal, for her father was the last of a long line of Venetian merchants, who ruled the commerce of the world, and whose countless ships furled their sails in every civilized port upon the globe.

Not long before this story opens, her father had died, leaving this only daughter heiress to such vast possessions on sea and land, of palaces and ships, treasures of gold, silver, and precious stones, — storehouses of rich stuffs, silks and velvets, perfumes and spicery, that her wealth challenged belief, and was almost beyond account. Yet Portia, already in the full bloom of beauty, rich, and princely in her virtues, was still unwedded and kept her state in maiden loneliness. For such a strange fact there is a strange explanation which forms the subject of this tale.

Portia's father was a virtuous man, of excellent wisdom and judgment. He was very fond of his only child, and he chiefly feared lest, on his death, she might be wooed for her great wealth, and marry some one who would not love her for her goodness and beauty, but for her riches alone. Therefore he devised, shortly before his death, a scheme to get her a worthy husband. He caused

to be made three caskets, after the Venetian style of treasure-caskets; the first of these was of gold, the second of silver, — both richly chased and ornamented; and the third was a plain, unadorned box of that meagre and uncouthly metal — lead.

The golden casket bore this inscription, "*Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.*" The second had for its motto, "*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;*" while the leaden box said threateningly, "*Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.*"

Then in his will the old merchant left his wealth to Portia with these conditions. First, that whoever sought her hand in marriage should choose one of these three caskets, and if, on opening it, he found the answer it contained unfavorable to his suit, he should instantly quit the palace, first taking a solemn oath never to reveal which casket he had chosen, and never after to seek any woman in marriage, but to remain single all his life. Secondly, that Portia should never, even to a favored lover, give any hint of the contents of the caskets, but should abide by their decree, and remain unmarried till the right casket was chosen. It is easy then to see why Portia remained unmarried. Suitors thronged her gates from year to year, and the piers of her harbor were crowded with the ships of gallant gentlemen who came to see this wonderful heiress. But many, nay, a greater part, turned back before risking the hard conditions of the choice. Others when they saw her did not desire to marry a woman so superior to themselves in intellect, for she sent the keen arrows of her shrewd wit right and left; and some of the weak-minded cavaliers, who came prepared to venture much to gain such wealth, retired quickly from the presence of a woman who saw their defects with eyes so quick. Portia used her wit often in self-protection, and with no want of womanly delicacy, for in her heart she wished defeat to every wooer who had approached her. In the depths of her heart, unconfessed even to her dearest confidante, her companion and waiting-woman Nerissa, she held the memory of one gentleman, before whom all others seemed but poor creatures, unworthy a woman's regard. This gentleman, whose name she scarcely breathed even to her own most secret thoughts, was Bassanio, a native of Venice, most courteous in his manners, and in acquirements a very pattern of the time

He had once before her father's death visited their palace at Belmont, in company with a young nobleman of Italy, and although no word of love had ever passed between them, their eyes had delivered fair speechless messages to each other, whose import still lingered in her memory.

Nerissa, indeed, who loved Portia dearly, and was the partner of her plans and wishes, suspected, with the cunning of her sex, that Bassanio's image lay nearest her mistress's heart; but even she dared not hint this, and rarely mentioned his name to Portia when they were most alone.

In the mean time Bassanio lived in the city of Venice. Although of good birth, he was impoverished in his fortunes, and had been from early youth an orphan. He was from childhood much endeared to a wealthy merchant named Antonio, many years his senior, who seemed to him to unite the double relations of friend and parent. To Bassanio, Antonio's purse was always open, and with such lavish generosity had he given to him, that his means had been somewhat shaken by his young friend's extravagance.

Bassanio did not realize this, and truly loved Antonio with no less love than he was worthy of, but he accepted all his friend's favors with the graceful carelessness of a son, who finds the same joy in receiving that the indulgent parent finds in giving. Latterly, however, Bassanio had begun to brood a little over his obligations. He saw that Antonio wore a clouded brow which betokened business troubles, and he heard it whispered on the Rialto, which was the business exchange of Venice, that Antonio's fortunes would fail if they were not propped up by some unexpected prosperity.

In the midst of these rumors, the memory of the heiress of Belmont returned to Bassanio's mind. He recollected well the Lady Portia; and he recalled her beauty and charms of conversation as far above those of any woman he had ever known. Then he thought of her fortune, which, united to the rare qualities she possessed, seemed to make her a prize beyond any man's deserts. Thinking of these things, he heard of the strange manner in which her father had decreed her hand should be won, and the news inspired a strong hope in his breast.

He thought if he could but go to Belmont and make choice of the caskets, he might perchance win Portia for a wife. He wished he might go thither as a guest, recall himself to her remembrance, and if by any token he could discover that she might like him for a husband, he would risk the fatal choice. But he resolved if he saw no

sign of preference, to come away without tempting the verdict of the caskets, since even at their bidding he would not accept a wife who took him on compulsion.

Here his dreams stopped, and he commenced to think on what means he had to visit Belmont. He could not go without a handsome ship, rich clothes, and a train of attendants; for though Portia's father, very wisely, had not stipulated that her suitors should be wealthy, yet Bassanio's pride forbade he should appear before her like a beggar. How should he get the money to furnish him for Belmont? His credit was exhausted in Venice. He was indeed much in debt there. To no one could he apply but to his dear Antonio, that friend who had already periled his fortunes for him. Bassanio went to him straightway. He told him of the latent love he had borne Portia ever since he had first looked on her; of her accomplishments, beauty, and her great riches. He assured Antonio that if fortune should be favorable and give her to him, his first use of wealth should be to build up his friend's fortunes, till he was once more the most prosperous merchant in Venice.

Antonio heard him through, and without a word of hesitation commenced to devise means to raise the money, never questioning the success of Bassanio's plans, or hinting at the many suitors who had already failed at Belmont. His ships were all at sea, engaged in different ventures, and he had no ready money to advance to his friend. At length he bethought himself of a Jew in Venice, very rich, who loaned money out for a considerable usury, — a practice thought dishonorable by the Christian merchants, who were accustomed to lend their money freely and without interest.

The Jews were then, as ever since in Europe, a most despised and oppressed race. In all countries they were strangers and foreigners. All Christian nations united in persecuting them, and most cruel laws were passed against them everywhere. Their only protection against such social injustice was in making themselves as powerful as possible to resist it; and their means had been in all countries to keep up vast wealth, so that in their homes and synagogues they could feel themselves partly secure from their oppressors, or sometimes even purchase by the power of their money those rights which society otherwise denied them.

Such a Jew Antonio thought of, a man of clear, subtle intellect, born to have been a statesman if the state had not refused to father him, and now, although an outlaw, a man of influence and power

among the scattered remnant of his tribe. Feeling his own power and his superiority over the Christians who spit upon and spurned him, his whole soul was filled with bitterest hatred of his persecutors. Those qualities, which in him would have been great and noble if it had not been for his unfortunate birth, were turned to craft to outwit the Christians, and to form schemes of revenge upon his enemies. Too cunning to let them read his nature or his designs, he carried smiles on his lips to conceal the mockery he felt, and hid under a bland, almost servile, demeanor, the gnawing

he agreed to obtain it from some of his friends; and professing great kindness for Antonio, who he declared had wronged him in thinking he was unfriendly to him, he proffered Antonio the money without interest according to the Christian manner.

When Antonio refused this offer, and wished to comply with the Jewish custom, Shylock said since this was to cement a new friendship between them who had been enemies, Antonio should, in jest merely, sign a bond by which no interest should be paid for the three thousand ducats; but if they were not paid at the end of three months, the Jew should receive instead a pound of flesh, cut from whatever part of his body Shylock chose.

Bassanio, with the jealous eye of friendship, half detected the Jew's treachery under the mask of generosity he wore, and endeavored to dissuade his friend; but Antonio caught at the offer, assured Bassanio he was sure to be able to raise the money long before three months, by the prosperous return of some of his ships, and they went all together to a notary where this merry bond of Shylock's was drawn up and signed.

Immediately Bassanio made his preparations to depart. He took with him for company one of his friends named Gratiano, a gentleman of Venice, a fellow full of wit and sprightliness, handsome and brave, but a most prodigious talker. With this friend, a fine ship, rich attire, and a train of attendants, Bassanio set sail for Belmont.

Just as they reached Portia's dominions, two suitors of importance had made their choice and been dismissed. The first of these was a prince of Morocco, a Moor, whose dark complexion formed a strong contrast to the dazzling fairness of Portia. He had been admitted to the room where the caskets lay, and after reading the inscriptions, had chosen the golden casket, declaring that no less costly metal was worthy to hold enshrined the image of his love. He opened and found a scull whose empty eye-socket contained a paper with these verses:—

"All that glistens is not gold;  
Often have you heard that told:  
Many a man his life hath sold  
But my outside to behold:  
Gilded tombs do worms infold.  
Had you been as wise as bold,  
Young in limbs, in judgment old,  
Your answer had not been inscrolled:  
Fare you well; your suit is cold."

The second suitor was a prince of Arragon, a pompous Spaniard. He read aloud the inscription,



hate which he bore within his breast. Of all the merchants of Venice he hated Antonio most, for by his learning and courtesy Antonio held a rank among his brethren similar to that which Shylock held among his tribe; and the Jew felt that if he could gain advantage over this one man, he dealt the Christians a blow, and revenged himself upon his equal.

To Shylock, then, Antonio repaired for money with his friend Bassanio. The Jew received them with much suavity, and although he disclaimed to have in his possession so large a sum as three thousand ducats, which was the amount they asked,



"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;" and vainly imagining that his deserts were no less than the hand of Portia, he had chosen the silver casket. Within he found the picture of a blinking idiot, and these lines:—

"The fire seven times tried this:  
Seven times tried that judgment is,  
That did never choose amiss.  
Some there be that shadows kiss;  
Such have but a shadow's bliss:  
There be fools alive, I wis,  
Silvered o'er, and so was this.  
Take what wife you will to bed,  
I will ever be your head;  
So begone sir: you are sped."

These disappointed suitors, with their retinues, Bassanio met issuing from the palace gates as he applied for entrance. He gained fair Portia's presence, and was received by her right royally. Feast succeeded feast in her palace to do honor to his visit, and she spared no pains to please her guest, putting off day by day his desire to make the fatal choice, lest by it she should lose sight of him whom she felt was becoming constantly dearer. At length Bassanio could no longer conceal his impatience to know his fate, and obtained her consent to make his choice. Portia, Nerissa, Gratiano, and a host of attendants accompanied him to the mysterious chamber where the caskets lay in state, and to the sound of sweet, half-melan-

choly music, the curtains that concealed them were withdrawn.

The heart of Portia beat fast as Bassanio approached the caskets. He looked from one to the other, read carefully the inscriptions, and guided perhaps by the inspiration of the real love he felt for Portia, laid his hand upon the box of lead. It flew open at the touch, and within fair Portia's picture elegantly set in gold and diamonds lay enshrined, while beside it was a paper on which was written this stanza:—

"You that choose not by the view,  
Chance as fair and choose as true!  
Since this fortune falls to you,  
Be content and seek no new.  
If you be well pleased with this  
And hold your fortune for your bliss,  
Turn you where your lady is,  
And claim her with a loving kiss."

We can imagine the happiness of such a choice to the lovers who were but a moment before on the rack of doubt as to their fate.

Meanwhile in Venice, Antonio's affairs looked dark and uncertain. His ships had as yet failed to come to port, and there were rumors of their shipwreck and loss. The Jew began openly to boast of his power over the merchant, and was more than ever inflamed against the Christians by a new sorrow which one of their hated race had brought on him.

[To be concluded in the next Number.]

## THE LITTLE SAINT.

At the calm matin hour  
I see her bend in prayer,  
As bends a virgin flower  
Kissed by the summer air;  
Oh, meek her downcast eyes!  
But the sweet lips wear — a smile;  
How hard our little Angel tries  
To be serious all the while!

I tell her 't is not right  
To be half-grave, half-gay,  
Implying in Heaven's sight  
A blessing on the day;  
She hears, and looks devout —  
Although it gives her pain;  
Still, when the ritual's almost out  
She's sure — to smile again!

She shocks her maiden Aunt,  
Who thinks it a disgrace  
That, do her best, she can't  
Give her a solemn face;

She'll scold and rate and fume,  
And lecture hour by hour,  
Until she makes the *very room*  
Look passionate and sour!

Alack, 't is all in vain!  
Soon as the sermon's done,  
My fairy blooms again,  
Like a rose-bud in the sun.  
I cannot damp her mirth!  
I will not check her play;  
Is guileless joy so rife on earth,  
Hers shall not have full sway?

I asked her yester night,  
Why, when prayer was made,  
Her brow of innocent light  
Scarce caught a serious shade.

"Father!" she said, "you love  
Better to meet me glad;  
And so I thought the Christ above  
Might grieve to see me — sad!"

PAUL H. HAYNE.

## A KITTEN EXPEDITION.

WILLIAM GAY had several cousins who used often to come and make visits to him on his father's farm. He liked very much to have them come, for he had no brothers and sisters of his own to play with. His mother liked to have them come too, for her husband, William's father, was away from home a great deal of the time, and she liked to have one or two of her nephews and nieces there to keep her company.

It would be difficult to say whether the cousins liked best to come in winter or in summer. In winter there were great fires in the house, and pleasant winter-evening parties around them, making candy, or popping corn; and in the day-time sliding down-hill and skating, and excursions into the woods, riding on Watt Remsen's big sled; and then towards spring, long walks on sunny mornings on the crust.

In the summer, on the other hand, there were the flowers in the garden, and long walks by the margin of the streams, and birds'-nests and little birds to be seen, and excursions in the woods in search of wild flowers by the girls, and to set traps for squirrels by the boys.

One morning in June, soon after his cousins, Mary and Louisa Gay, came, they were walking together about the yards and garden, after breakfast, when Louisa suddenly pointed before her, and asked eagerly, as if frightened, "What's that?"

It was a black cat that lay crouched down under a bush partly concealed by the grass, and engaged in looking intently forward at something before her.

"Oh!" she said a moment afterward, in a tone expressive of a sense of relief, "It's a cat. I thought it was a bear." Then a moment afterward she added in a voice more excited than ever, "She's going to catch that little bird! Shoo!"

The little bird was hopping along on the walk not far from where the cat was concealed, trying to find little seeds or insects to eat; but Louisa's "shoo!" frightened him, and he flew off up into the tree. The cat seemed to be frightened too; or else, perhaps, finding that as the bird had gone it was of no use to stay there any longer, she began to run off toward the house. Louisa ran after her calling out, "Pussy, pussy, pussy!"

"It is of no use to try to catch her," said William, who was walking close behind. She is as wild as a tiger. Mother says she likes to have her wild because she catches more mice."

"She has no business to catch little birds," said Louisa.

"She will catch them though," said William, "whenever she can. She thinks she must make a spring at every thing she sees moving. I kept her running about one day a long time trying to catch a bright spot I made flicker about on the ground with a looking-glass."

"Did not she see you with the looking-glass," asked Louisa, "and so know it was you?"

"No," replied William. "I was up in my room holding the looking-glass out of the window. If I had come near her she would have run off."

"I wish she was not so wild," said Louisa, "or I wish you had another cat that was tame,—or else a kitten."

"Perhaps we might get a kitten somehow or other," said William.

"How?" asked Louisa.

"I don't know," said William. "I will go and ask Watt."

Watt was at this time working in the garden, and so the children all went to the place where he was, and asked him if he knew of any way to get a kitten.

"Yes," said he. "You must go to work to get a kitten the same way that I did to get a pig."

"How was that?" asked William.

"Why, one morning your mother said to me, 'Mr. Remsen, we ought to have a pig this summer; do you think you can contrive any way to get one?' I said, 'Yes, Mrs. Gay, I have no doubt I can.' Then she said she wished that I would do it. So the next morning I took a basket big enough to hold a small pig, and a cloth to tie over the top of it, and a long cord. I put them all into the wagon, and then set off on a road where a great many farmers lived, and inquired for some farmer who had pigs to sell. I went on in this way till I found one."

"That is exactly what we will do," said William. "We will get a kitten, and have a charming ride into the bargain."

William proposed this plan to his mother, and she had no objection. There was among the other horses in the stable one that was very safe to drive, and besides that William was a very careful driver. There was also a light wagon with a top which kept off the sun, but which had sides that could be rolled up so as to open the view all around. William determined to take that horse and wagon and go that very afternoon.

Accordingly, immediately after dinner, William and Watt harnessed the horse into the wagon, while the children went to Mary Ann to procure a basket, a cloth, and a string.

"We must spread the cloth over the top of the basket," said Louisa, "and tie the string round it."

"We need not do that now," said Mary Ann. "You can wait till you get the kitten."

"So we can," said Louisa.

So Mary Ann put the cloth and the cord into the basket, and Louisa ran off with it toward the barn, followed by Mary. When the wagon was ready, they put the basket in, and then all got in themselves, and set off.

"Go by the way of the mill," said Louisa, "so as to let me see the water tumbling over the rocks."

"But perhaps we may not find any kittens going that way," said Mary.

"Yes," replied William, "we shall be as likely to find them that way as any other."

It was a charming summer afternoon, and the country was very pleasant everywhere. In some of the fields the men were beginning to mow. In others they were hoeing corn and other crops. The children looked at all the farm-houses as they passed to see if they saw any cats at the door, — though they resolved that if they did they would not stop, for they wanted to have a good ride first.

"We would not stop if we should even see some kittens," said Louisa.

"But then," said Mary, "if we should not find any further on, where we are going, we should lose them altogether."

"No," replied William; "for we would remember the place, and then we could call there when we came back."

Thus they went on for two or three miles. The country gradually became more and more wild, and the farm-houses were further apart, and at length William said that it was time to begin to make inquiry.

They came pretty soon to a small and rather poor-looking house standing not far from the road. It was a pleasant place enough, though it looked as if the people that lived there were rather poor. And yet there was quite a pretty garden near the house, and a flower-bed by the side of the door, with morning-glories growing up around a window.

"I don't think it is worth while to stop at that house," said William. "I don't believe they have got any kittens there."

"Yes, yes!" said Louisa eagerly, and pointing

with her finger. The other children looked immediately in the direction where Louisa pointed, and saw a little girl sitting on the step of the door giving a pretty little kitten some milk.

"There's a kitten," said she, "and a very pretty kitten too. Let us go and see if they will give it to us."

William turned the horse to one side of the road, so that he could tie him to a post of the fence, and then they all got out of the wagon. Louisa said, — "Come, Mary, you and I will go right up to the house, while William is fastening the horse, and see if they will give us the kitten."

"No," said Mary, hanging back. "I had rather wait for William."

"Then William must be quick," said Louisa.

As soon as William had secured the horse properly they all went together along the yard to



the house. By this time the mother of the little girl, seeing that some strangers were stopping at her house, came to the door to receive them.

The little girl ceased paying attention to her kitten, and looked up at William and the children with an expression of wonder upon her countenance.

The kitten alone of all of them seemed undisturbed. She went on lapping up the milk which

her mistress had set before her in a saucer, as if she were thinking of nothing else in the world.

"We wanted to get a kitten," said William, "and thought that perhaps you might have one that you would let us have."

The little girl looked up earnestly on hearing these words, and the expression of her countenance changed from that of wonder to fear. She immediately seized her kitten in one hand and the saucer in the other, forced her way past her mother, and ran off into the house.

"Jessie," said her mother, laughing and looking into the room where her little girl had gone, "come back. You need not be afraid. They won't take away your kitten."

Then turning again toward William and the children, she apologized to them for Jessie's abrupt retreat.

"It is the first kitten she ever had," she said; "and she is afraid that something will happen to make her lose it."

Then turning toward the room again, she called, — "Come back, Jessie. You need not be afraid."

"No," said William. "She need not be afraid. We would not take her kitten away from her on any account."

But Jessie was afraid, and would not come back. In fact she did not hear her mother call her, for she had run as fast as she could through the house and out through a backdoor and down a little path which led to a spring, where she used to go to fetch water for her mother. There she hid in some bushes, at a place where she was out of sight herself, and yet could see if any body was coming. She put her kitten down and set the saucer of milk before her, and the kitten immediately began lapping it again as if nothing had happened, being wholly unconscious of the imaginary danger which she had escaped.

"We would not take her kitten away from her on any account," continued William, "but we did not know but that you had some more."

"No," said the woman, "I have not any more. This one was given to Jessie."

"Do you think they have got any more where this one came from?" asked William. The woman said she believed they had some more, but it was a good way off and rather a hard place to find.

"No matter for that," said Louisa. "We'll go."

William asked for more particular information; and the woman said that the man who gave Jessie the kitten was named West. He lived in a lone-some place, she said, off from the main road.

"You must go on about a mile from here," she

added, "and then you will come to a place where a kind of a road turns off from the main road, to the right at the corner of a wood, opposite a place where there is a trough set to water horses from, and a small stream of water running into it from a spout. Then you must go about three quarters of a mile in that road, and you will find Mr. West's house. You had better inquire when you get into the by-road. But you will find it a pretty bad road. It will be as much as you can do to get along in your carriage."

"But we can get along some way or other — can't we?" asked William.

"Oh yes," said the woman, "if you are careful."

So William and the children returned to the wagon, and William untied the horse while Louisa and Mary got in. They then set off, and after going on for about a mile they came at last to the place which the woman had indicated to them, where there was a drinking trough on one side of the road and a kind of branch road leading off on the other, at the corner of a wood.

"This is the place," said Louisa, clapping her hands. "This is it, I'm perfectly sure. There is the drinking-box on one side of the road, and there is the cross-road on the other."

William turned the horse into the by-road which soon entered the wood, and was, as Jessie's mother had said, a very bad road indeed, looking as if it was very little travelled. It was full of deep ruts and big stones, and whenever a small brook came in the way, it was crossed by quite a rude bridge made of logs. One of these bridges looked so old and rickety that Mary said she was afraid to ride over it, and so William let her and Louisa get out and walk over while he went over in the wagon very carefully. The horse looked down to it, and seemed to examine it very attentively before he dared to step upon it. At length after going on for some time in this road the party met a man driving a yoke of oxen without any cart. They asked him where Mr. West lived. He told them to keep right on and they would come to it. "You can't get by it," said he, "for it is at the end of the road."

So William drove on, and before long he saw a small wooden house before him, which was, true enough, at the end of the road. He stopped near a pair of bars before the house and fastened the horse, and then he and the two children went up toward the door. This door was at the end of the house, but it was shut, and there was nobody in sight. William heard a sound, however, as of some one behind the house, and so he went around the corner and there saw a woman drawing some



water. She stopped drawing the water, and looked up at the strangers, as if to ask what they wanted. William told her their errand.

"We wanted to get a kitten," said William, "and we heard you had some that you did not wish to keep."

"Yes," said the woman, "we had four or five, and I gave away all I could, and there were two left, which you should have had and welcome, only you are too late. The boys have taken them down to the pond to drown them. I presume they are dead before this time."

"Where did they go?" asked Louisa eagerly.

"To the pond—a little way down that path," said the woman.

"Come quick, Mary!" exclaimed Louisa. "Run! We shall be in time to stop them! Run!"

So saying Louisa and Mary set off to run down the path,—Louisa foremost. William followed them, though as he seemed to have much less hope of being in time to save the kittens, he did not try to run so fast. When they reached the place, they found two pretty big and rather coarse-looking boys standing by the margin of a small pond of stagnant water, in among the bushes, each having a kitten in his hand, with a string tied round its neck and a stone tied to the end of the string.

Just as Louisa came in sight, one of the boys threw his kitten, stone and all, over into the water.

Louisa uttered a scream and ran forward down to the brink. The boys looked at her seemingly very much surprised. They wondered who she was, and where she came from, and the one who had not yet thrown his kitten, which was a black one, into the water, held back his hand, astonished at such an interruption.

Singularly enough the kitten that had been thrown into the water did not sink. It is in fact very difficult to tie a round stone to a string in such a manner that it will not slip off when thrown in such a way. The stone in this case did slip off, and sank to the bottom, leaving the kitten, with the string still tied about her neck, struggling desperately on the surface.

Louisa seized a long stick which lay near the margin of the water, and reaching it out, contrived to pull the kitten in toward the shore, until she could get hold of the string, and then drew her gently to the land, and took her out. She then turned to the boys and said,—

"You must not drown these kittens. We want them."

The boys said nothing, but looked very much

astonished. The black kitten all the time was mewling piteously. By this time William and Mary had come to the place.

"We want one of these kittens," said William, "if you will let us have her."

"Both," said Louisa, "both. One for me, and one for Mary."

As she said this she took out her pocket handkerchief and began wiping and patting the kitten with it to try to make her dry.

"Poor little thing!" she said.

The kitten mewled continually, and seemed to be in great terror and distress. The other kitten was a gray one. The boy who had it, held it in his hand all ready to throw into the water, when William said,—

"Don't throw it into the water."

"What business have you got with our kittens?" said the boy in a threatening and defiant tone.

"No business at all," said William, "unless you let us have them."

"I am going to have this one, at any rate," said Louisa, talking as it were to herself rather than to any one else. And so saying she set off to run up the path toward the house. She had an idea that if she could get back to the house, where she could have the woman to deal with instead of those "ugly boys," she would have a much better chance of getting the kitten.

William and Mary of course remained with the boys. They looked at the boys and the boys looked at them,—but not in a very friendly manner.

"If you want our kittens," said the biggest boy, "you ought to pay us something for them."

"How much do you ask?" rejoined William.

The boy paused a moment,—eying William all the time with a shrewd and wary expression of countenance,—and then said, "Five cents."

William hesitated in replying. The affair had taken suddenly such a strange turn that he was for a moment at a loss what to do. He had a certain amount of money, as all boys ought to have, which he was allowed to expend in emergencies at his own discretion,—only he was required to report every expenditure that he made from it the next time he saw his mother. What made him hesitate now was the question whether this was one of the emergencies in which he was authorized to act. He concluded that it was.

"Well," said he, "I will give you five cents. I will give you six cents, and then you can divide the money equally. There will be three cents apiece for you both."

It is astonishing how far a little generosity will go sometimes in settling differences and preventing disputes and quarrels. William's generosity in this case, although it was only a cent's worth, seemed to have a magic effect. The boys appeared to become immediately very friendly. William counted out the six cents, and gave each of the boys three of them. The boy who had the gray kitten in his hand immediately untied the string from her neck, and gave the kitten to Mary, who at once ran off with it up the path where Louisa had gone. William and the other boys followed, all talking together in a most friendly manner.

When they arrived at the house they found that Louisa had gone and taken her place in the wagon, where she was sitting with an unconcerned air, with her hands free before her and no kitten to be seen.

Mary, leaving William to say what more he had to say to the boys and to their mother, ran to the wagon.

"See my kitten," said Mary, holding up the gray kitten so that Louisa could see it. "But what have you done with yours?"

"Are we going to have them?" asked Louisa.

"Yes," said Mary. "William has bought them both."

"Oh well, then I'll take mine out," said Louisa. "I hid her behind the cushion, so that they could not take her away from me."

So Louisa took her kitten out from the hiding-place where she had concealed her. The poor thing was of course still wet, but she seemed in a great degree relieved from her distress and fears.

"We must not put them in the basket," said Louisa. "We'll carry them home in our laps."

"So we will," said Mary.

"Only I will take the cloth to cover mine up with, for a blanket," said Louisa, "for fear she should take cold. Yours don't need any blanket, for she did not get wet."

Mary assented to this proposal, and by the time that they had arranged every thing as they wished, William came and unfastened the horse, and then took his seat in the carriage between them, and so they set out on their return home. On their way, in talking about their kittens, they determined to name the black kitten Ebony, and the gray one Pearl.

"I think we had pretty good luck," said Louisa, as they were riding along. "I like my kitten

very much, and I think yours is a beauty, — such a pretty gray."

"Yes," said Mary, "and yours will be such a pretty black."

Thus each of the children was polite enough to praise the others kitten, instead of boasting of her own. This of course made them both feel very happy.

This kind of talk would have made both the children feel unhappy, instead of happy. It is a great deal better to say such things as will make people feel happy, than such things as vex and tease them; and for this reason we ought, generally, to praise other children's things rather than our own. We may like our own things as much as we please, but not boast of them too much in speaking to other people.

Louisa's kitten, Ebony, lying in her lap, soon became dry and warm, and seemed to feel contented and happy, — though I presume she was very little aware what a narrow escape she had had, and what a dreadful death it was from which Louisa's interposition had rescued her.

"Look, Mary," said Louisa; "see how bright she looks now!"

"Yes," said Mary; "she looks as bright as mine."

"If she only does not take cold!" said Louisa.

"I think we had pretty good luck," said Mary.

"Yes," said William, "and it was very lucky for the kittens, too, that we came when we did. They ought to feel much obliged to us. We both rescued them and ransomed them."

"What does that mean?" asked Louisa.

"We rescued them by saving them from the great danger they were in," said William; "and we ransomed them by paying the money for them. Money that you pay to save a person from any danger, and make him free again, is called a ransom. Sometimes in Italy, and in other countries where there are robbers, the band not only rob the traveller but carry him away and hide him in some of their dens, and won't give him up until his friends pay a large sum of money to ransom him."

"How much?" asked Louisa.

"I don't know how much," said William.

"I suppose it is a great deal more than six cents," said Louisa.

"Oh yes," replied William, "a great deal more than that. Hundreds of dollars, — I suppose. Thousands, for aught I know."

JACOB ABBOTT.

## THE FUNNY LAND OF PLUCK.

[Continued from the May Number.]

If you go to Holland in summer and look at the people, you will wonder when all the work was done, and who did it. The men move so slowly and leisurely, looking as if to smoke their pipes were quite as much as they cared to attend to, — they have so little to say, and seem to see you only because their eyes chance to be open. You feel sure if the lids dropped by any accident they would not be lifted again in a hurry. Yet there are the dykes, the canals, the fine old towns, the magnificent cities, the colleges, the charitable institutions, the churches. There are the public parks, the beautiful country-seats, the immense factories, the herring-packeries, the shipping-yards, the railways, and the telegraphs. Surely these Hollanders must work in their sleep!

But though the men look so dull, it is not so with the women. They are as lively as one could wish, taller in proportion than the men, with fresh, rosy faces, and hair that matches the sunshine. Many of them are very elegant and graceful. As for work, well — if there could be such a thing as a Dutch Barnum he would make his fortune by exhibiting a lazy Dutch woman — if he could find one! Ah how they work, brushing, mopping, scrubbing, and polishing, from morning till night. I do believe the tiniest Lilliputian that Gulliver ever saw could not fill his pockets with dust, if he searched through dozens and dozens of Dutch houses.

Broek, a little village near the beautiful city of Amsterdam, is said to be the cleanest place in the world. It is inhabited mainly by retired Dutch merchants and their families, who seem determined to enjoy the world as it appears when scrubbed to a polish. Every morning the village shines forth as fresh as if it had just taken a bath. The wooden houses are as bright and gay as paint can make them. Their shining tiled roofs and polished facings flash up a defiance to the sun to find a speck of dust upon them. The door-yards, elaborately paved with shells and stones, look like enormous mosaic breast-pins fastened to the ground; the little canals and ditches, instead of crawling sluggishly as many of their kindred do, flow with a limpid cleanliness; the streets of fine yellow brick are carefully sanded and spread with pebbles and shells in fanciful designs. Not a foot-print mars them. Even the children trip along with a careful tip-toe tread. Horses and wheeled vehicles of any

kind are never allowed within the borders of the town. It is finished, and all that remains to be done is to keep it in perfect order. The pea-green window-shutters are always closed; and the main entrances are never opened except on the occasion of a christening, a wedding, or a funeral, or when the dazzling brass knobs and knockers are to be rendered more dazzling still. The gardens are as prim and complete as the houses; but in summer the beds, all laid out in little patches, are bright with audacious flowers nodding saucily to the prim box-border that incloses them. Nearly every garden has its *zomerhuis* and its pond. Many of these latter have funny automata upon them: sometimes a duck that paddles about and flaps its wooden wings; sometimes a wooden sportsman standing upon the shore, jerkily taking aim at the duck, but never quite succeeding in getting his range accurate enough to warrant firing; and sometimes a dog stands among the shrubbery and snaps his jaws quite fiercely when he is not too damp to work. Queer things, too, are seen in the growing box, which is trimmed so as to fail in resembling peacocks and wolves. Altogether, Broek is a very remarkable place. The cattle there live, it is said, in better style than princes do in some parts of the world; and the people are reported to be so very rich that they think nothing of using silver milk-pails and golden skimmers.

In some Dutch houses the rooms are covered with two or three carpets, and others have no carpets at all, but the floors are polished, or perhaps made of tiles laid in regular patterns. Sometimes doors are curtained like the windows, and the beds are nearly concealed by heavy draperies. Many among the poorer classes sleep in rough boxes, or on shelves fixed in recesses against the wall; so that sometimes the best bed in the cottage looks more like a cupboard than any thing else.

Whether having so much water about suggested the idea or not, I cannot say, but certain it is that big blocks of cork are quite in fashion for footstools. They stand one on each side of the great, open fire-place, as though the household intended to have two life-preservers on hand at any rate in case of a general flood. The large earthen cup, or fire-pot, that you may see standing near, filled with burning peat, and casting a bright glow over the Dutch sentence in-

scribed on the tiles arching the fire-place, is very useful for warming the room on chilly days, when it is not quite cold enough for a fire. For that matter, it is a general custom in Holland to use



little tin fire-boxes (with a handle, and holes in the top lid,) called *vuitstuijs*, for warming the feet. Our Dutch ancestors brought some of them over to America long ago, and some of us "grown folks" can remember seeing similar ones in use. In Holland every lady has her *vuitstuij*. Each church is provided with a large number; and on Sundays boys, and sometimes old women, bearing high piles of them, move softly about, and distribute them among the congregation.

From Broek to Amsterdam is scarce an hour's journey, yet how different every thing is! Here, as in the other large Dutch cities, you see quite a business look on the men's faces. Strange to say, they are thinner as a class than the rustic folk; and, not having such broad backs and short legs, not wearing leather breeches and wide jackets and big waist-buckles as the countrymen do, they quite make you forget they are Dutch. Nowadays, the ugly dress of Paris and London makes citizens nearly all over the world look alike.

Still, very often you see something different in Dutch cities, — huge coal-scuttle bonnets on the women; and wooden shoes, with loose heels that clatter, clatter at every step. Some of the women and girls have their hair cropped short and wear close-fitting caps; others have tiny cork-screw curls hanging over their foreheads; and the street boys wear such short jackets and loose knee-breeches, you would declare they had bor-

rowed the former from a baby brother and the latter from their grandfather.

Now and then, in our own country, we hear vague rumors of a person having been born with a silver spoon in his mouth. I scorn to credit such stories generally, but if I were told that all Dutchmen were born with pipes in their mouths, I certainly should n't consider it worth while to doubt. In making an inventory of a Dutchman's face, you would have to mention two eyes, two ears, one nose, one mouth, and one pipe. To be sure, there *might* be but one eye, or one ear, or no nose; but there certainly would be a pipe. The men, and too often the boys, smoke, smoke, as if some malicious fairy had given them a perpetual season-ticket for enjoying the privilege. Perhaps that is why they seem so sleepy; and yet, with what a sudden glow both pipe and Dutchman can brighten at a whiff!

Instead of seeming to shrivel up, inside and out, as constant smokers are apt to do here, a Dutchman grows sleeker and fatter behind his pipe; as though the same fairy who gave him the season-ticket had perched herself invisibly on the bowl and kept continually blowing him out like a rubber balloon.

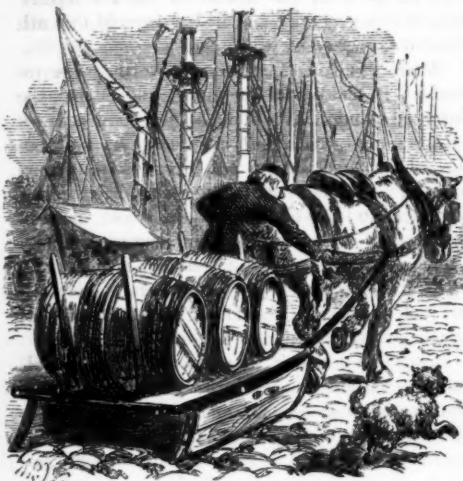
All things are reversed in Holland. Bashful maidens *hire* beaux to escort them to the Kermis, or fair, on festival-days. Timid citizens are



scared in the dead of night by their own watchmen, who at every quarter of the hour make such a noise with their wooden clappers, one would suppose the town was on fire. You will see sleds used in summer there. They go bump-



ing over the bare cobble-stones, while the driver holds a dripping oil-rag in advance of the runners to lessen the friction. You will see streets of water; and country roads paved as nicely as



Broadway. You will see vessels hitched, like horses, to their owners' door-posts; and whole rows of square-peaked houses leaning over the street, as if they were getting ready to tumble. You will see looking-glasses hanging *outside* of the dwellings; and pincushions displayed on the street-doors. The first are called *spionnen*, and are so arranged that persons sitting inside, at the windows, can enjoy a reflection of all that is going on in the street, without being seen themselves. They can learn, too, what visitor may be coming, and whether he rub his soles to a suitable polish before entering. The pincushion means that a new baby has appeared in the household. If white or blue, the new-comer is a girl; if red, it is a little Dutchman. Some of these signals are very showy affairs; some are not cushions at all, but merely shingles trimmed with ribbon or lace; and, among the poorest class, it is not uncommon to see merely a white or red string tied to the door-latch — fit token of the meagre life the poor little one is destined to lead.

Sometimes, instead of either pincushion or shingle, you will see a large placard hung outside of the front door. Then you may know that somebody in the house is ill, and his or her present condition is described on the placard for the benefit of inquiring friends; and sometimes, when such a placard has been taken down, you may meet a strange-looking man on the street dressed

in black tights, a short cloak, and a high hat from which a long black streamer is flying. This is the *Aanspreeker*, going from house to house to tell certain persons that their friend is dead. He attends to funerals, and gives notice to all who are invited to be present. A strange, weird-looking figure he is; and he wears a peculiar, professional cast of countenance that is any thing but refreshing.

Ah! here is something to cheer us! A little cart rattling past, drawn by a span of orderly dogs, and filled with shining brass kettles that were brimming with milk when it started on its round. How nimbly the little animals trot over the stones! how promptly they heed the voice of their master stalking leisurely along the sidewalk — no; not on the sidewalk; for Dutch cities, of course, rarely have such a thing, — that would be entirely too much like other folks, — but on the narrow foot-path of yellow brick that stretches along near the houses. Excepting this, the cobble pavement, if there be no canal, reaches entirely across the street from door to door. Here are other dogs, dragging tiny fish-carts. They jog along in such practiced style we may be sure they were taught at the dog-school at Amsterdam. Those canal-boats around the corner, wending their way among the houses, are loaded



with peat for the people to burn; coal is a luxury used only by the rich. That barge by the market-place, drawn up to street's edge (for nearly all the principal thoroughfares are half-water and half-street), is laden with — what do you think? What should you suppose these people would,

least of all, need to buy? You see these canals, following and crossing the streets in every direction; you see the mast-heads and sails standing up everywhere in among the trees and steeples, showing that the river is always close at hand; you know that all Holland is a kind of wet sponge; and the guide-books will tell you that every house is built upon long wooden piles driven deep into the marsh, or it could not stand there at all. Now, what do you think these barges contain? Water, of course — water for the people to drink. It is brought for the purpose from Utrecht, or the river Vecht, or from some favored inland spot. All along the coast, just where Holland is naturally the wettest, our poor Dutchman must go dry, for there is not a drop of water fit to drink, unless they buy from the barges, or swallow the rain before it has a chance to catch the ways of the country.

Now, is not Holland a funny land? Where else can you find three-legged chairs? Where else do persons carry their stoves about with them in their hands? Where else do funny wooden heads at the apothecaries' windows "make faces" for all who wish to take physic? Where else do little folks stand shoes out in the entry for Santa Claus to put his treasures in? And where else do children win stockings for school-prizes?

Is not water often as fertile as land in Holland? Can't the frogs there look down upon chimney-swallows? Did not the learned Erasmus, who knew how the piles were driven in, say that their city people lived, like the crows, on the tops of trees? And don't every body know that Dutch pink is as yellow as gold?

Verily, as I said at first, it is the queerest country that ever the sun shone upon! But the queerest thing of all is, when you really know much about it you feel more like crying than laughing; for this land that lies so loosely upon the sea has many a time been forced to be as a rock against a legion of foes. Its brave, staunch-hearted people have suffered as never nation had suffered before. They look sleepy, I know, and have some very odd ways; but Motley's "History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic" is not a funny book.

The ocean, too, if it could speak, could tell tales of Dutch ships bound on great enterprises; though it has a funny story of one Admiral Van Tromp, which you must ask for some day, when you hold a sea-shell to your ear.

Another time, if you will cluster round me once more, perhaps we shall see why, and in how many ways, Holland has proved itself to be, truly, a Land of Pluck.

MARY E. DODGE.

## A JUNE VACATION.

It happened to "Vieux Moustache" years ago, when his upper-lip used to tan, unshaded from the sun, and when perhaps his entire being colored with bright rays much readier than now, that his mother wrote him a letter which, arriving one midday of early summer, overclouded the bright sky and brought some hot rain to his eyes. It told the schoolboy that his parents had suddenly decided, owing to that dear mother's ill-health and the doctor's advice, to start for Europe, and that they must leave their son to pass the vacation, so soon to begin, at the boarding-school. I have reason to believe that the released memories of the past sketch for him now, in the book they bear, the picture of a shaggy-headed, inky-fingered, moist-eyed boy, sitting in a despairing attitude up in the window-seat of a retired recitation-room. The shadows of a far-gone afternoon are thickening on the bare, lonely place, and hanging heavily on the side we see of that figure with its knees drawn up. A drop of

water — how well the artist has shown that — glistens on the hand cutting with a knife at the sash-frame. The soft, bright light without, just withdrawing itself from the dusty room, gives the figure a dreary distinctness; and I think the little bird sitting on that branch near the window makes the picture still more sad, for he who looks at the sketch cannot help imagining that the bird is singing a thankful song, while the poor boy is heart-sore and despairing. Ah! those griefs of youth are very bitter, though so quickly over.

But the leaves of retrospection are turned, and, after that one melancholy scene, there come a series of the jolliest, pleasantest sketches imaginable; for that June vacation, even at boarding-school, was one of the most delightful months the young fellow ever spent.

My brother went away with my parents to Europe, but there remained with me at the boarding-school, through vacation, Grant and Charley

Balch. We had our beds in one room together, and the only rules restricting us at all were that we should always be present at morning and evening prayers, and that we should be in the house by nine o'clock every night, which latter regulation was not obeyed on one occasion that you shall hear of in this June Vacation chapter.

The school library — our head-master's private room; a long, comfortable, shadowy room, lined on three sides with book-shelves stretching from floor to ceiling, and lighted by one tall, narrow window, through which the sunbeams stretched themselves contentedly every clear day — was a place that in term-time we only peeked into, standing, card in hand, at the door, waiting for what book we wanted of those allowed to go from the shelves, — history, travels, or biography. But now, in vacation time, and when Mr. Norris took vacation as well as his scholars, we were permitted to be in the library whenever we wished, and to read whatever books suited us, and, too, without the restricting presence of our much-feared, though much-loved Principal. So, on every rainy day of that June, we three companions in exile used to stretch ourselves on the floor or benches of that snug, quiet, and revered little kingdom of wisdom and romance, and crop with hungry minds the clover-fields unguarded by fence or wall.

There were three days in the first week of our vacation when it rained continually, freshening delightfully, no doubt, the clods and buds, but making the now-quiet school-house very dull and gloomy. I do not know what amount of mischief or low spirits those gray, dripping days might have bred, had we not resorted on the first morning of our imprisonment to the companionship of those entertaining old fellows, who in long, dust-covered files leaned one against another on the library shelves. Grant seized one of them, — a certain Robert Kerr, abounding in voyages and travels, — and stretched himself full-length on the only sofa the room possessed; Charley Balch, having mounted the library step-ladder, remained perched there, enraptured by some romance he had ferreted out from the top shelf; while I, seated on the floor, turned over the illustrated leaves of a ponderous history of European wars.

But Charley had found such a treasure in his book that he informed us constantly of his good-fortune in exclamations, — "I tell you this is exciting, though!" "Real blood and thunder, I guess!" "We ought all to read this together!" Finally Grant and I gave up our books, and told

Balch that if he had such a first-rate story he had better read it out loud. So, sitting up on his perch, he commenced, neither he nor we knowing there were three volumes of it. Nevertheless, so interesting did they prove that for the remainder of that day, and all the next day, and through most of the next, did we fellows listen to the story. I have never seen the book in any other library, and now I have forgotten its title and its author, but it was written in the quaint, veracious style of old-fashioned novels, and its strange plot captivated us boys.

It was the story of a traveller — an English nobleman — who, happening to come out from a Turkish coffee-house on the throng of a Constantinople street, suddenly called his companion's attention to a good-looking, well-dressed stranger sauntering along on the opposite side, and the Englishman said to his friend, "How strange that that man's hands are covered with blood, and yet he walks along so perfectly unconcerned." "Blood?" answered his friend; "I see no blood. What do you mean?" "You see no blood on that man's hands? — why, they are covered with blood." This remarkable difference of opinion when the object of their scrutiny was but thirty or forty yards off, induced the friends to immediately cross the street and follow the stranger, that one might convince the other of his mistake by closer inspection. They followed him, but, strange to say, each saw as before. The result is that the English nobleman believes that in some mysterious way these blood-marks proclaim to him at least, that the man bearing them has committed some horrible crime, and he thenceforward devotes himself for years and years, and all over the globe, to following, with the genius of a detective, the suspected, and, as it afterward proves, guilty man. Through many exciting adventures they pass, the Englishman in varied disguises making the acquaintance now and again of the red-handed German. As the Englishman constantly discovers, no one else notices the blood-stains: they are visible to his eyes alone.

Concerning his past life the German discloses but little, except that he has lived in London when young. The Englishman writes home and finds that the victim of search has given a correct name; that he did live in London for many years; that he was the adopted child of a very rich old lady, who, having no children or near relatives, had made this Fausten Carner her heir; and he learns that the old lady died suddenly — *was found dead in her bed.*

Now I tell this story only to show, as you

boys will understand, how such an exciting tale, strangely conceived and minutely narrated in a manner to make it appear true, and powerfully written, too — how such a narrative held us spell-bound, and gave the old library-room, with its subdued light and rain-pattered window, a weird but fascinating attraction to us three exiles; and how the rainy days there made a portion of that June vacation a strange contrast to our sunny out-door days, and yet gave it an enchantment which we relished. That story of the bloody hands and many other exciting romances, and the essences floating there from the spirits hidden in the old volumes, made the library to us boys a sort of conjuror's cave. However, I must finish the story I wished to give you the plot of. But to make it brief: the Englishman continues his apparently foolish trail for ten years, with only here and there a conjectured clew to any guiltiness on the part of his prey. After six or seven years, however, Fausten Carner believes some one is following him, and at length suspects the Englishman when he detects the same person under two disguises, and now he studies to escape his pursuer. Once he succeeds in losing him for a year. Once he plans and almost succeeds in making way with his suspecter.

But at last the disclosure comes, when the Englishman, long baffled, finds him dying in a hotel at Vienna, alone, in frightful misery of body and mind. Fausten Carner, though hating and fearing the Englishman, yet feels himself forced, as he dies, to relieve his conscience of its horrible secret. The amount of his confession is, that craving the good old woman's large fortune, he could not wait for her natural death, but, with the most terrible cunning, planned and effected her murder in a manner which left not the slightest suspicion of foul play. Entering his benefactress's room at night, after having administered to her a slight narcotic in her evening cup of tea, he with a lancet made a minute puncture in one of her feet which hung over the bedside, opening an artery through which life was quickly and painlessly exhausted. He caught the blood in a vessel, removed it, cleansed the wound, and left no mark that was discovered of his crime. It was supposed without question that the old woman had passed away naturally in her sleep. Was ever a more deliberate, heartless, and cold-blooded crime committed? Moving along with that thrilling plot were a company of characters and incidents in most pleasing contrast to it and the wretch Fausten Carner, and the black and frightful current of the story wound through scenes and inter-

ests the very reverse. If ever the boyish love for the exciting and horrible was skillfully gratified, it was with that story in which we lived for three rainy days, and the impression of which I doubt if one of us has ever forgotten.

The sunshine danced into the library window, sending the shadowy, spirit-inmates back to doze in their earthly bindings, and stretched through every window it could reach in the school-house, making us boys wake up far away from the dark, engrossing scenes of yesterday — to a June morning, fresh and healthy with the happiest sounds and sights.

"No more in-doors for me," said Grant, as he jumped from his bed and threw up the window. "What a day, I declare! hundreds of birds trying to choke themselves with the jolliest hymns; leaves and sunshine dancing merrily with one another; and we chaps rubbing our eyes on the sleeves of our night-shirts. Come, wake up — hurry down. Let's have some fun to-day. What do you say to a regular tramp, due east by my pocket-compass, turning out of line for nothing but houses — through woods, through streams, over walls, fences — every thing?"

"Good lick, count me in," sang out Charley from the folds of the shirt sliding over his head.

"Number two for me," signified my assent, as I tried to jerk the left boot on my right foot.

Grant pitched a pillow at us, and ran singing down-stairs. Charley Balch was beating me in the clothes race. "Hi, hi! hurry along, old slow coach. Don't you see yet that we are in for a good time now it is vacation. *Dies finustus* — as Cicero ejaculated on recovering from the measles," and he bounded out of the room.

Having stowed away a grand old breakfast in fifteen minutes, during which we chatted, laughed, and planned with every mouthful, Grant talked Mrs. Hote, the housekeeper, into putting up diners for us, and we were off on the tramp.

"Now, remember," said Grant, as we came through the play-yard gate on to the road, "no turning to the right side or to the left, except for a building, and when we reach what we can neither get through nor over, then our tramp is finished. Let's steer due east." With which he pulled out the pocket-compass, and we put our heads together to consult it.

"Well, the furthest point we can see to steer for exactly east of this," said Charley Balch, after a few minutes, "is that bare tree on the hill back of Gen. Warn's house."

"Yes, I think so too; let that be our bearing,



and when it is reached, we can take another point in the same way, and so keep on."

The first stretch was easy enough, only walls and fences to climb. The second was between one and two miles in length to a hay-rick, — part of the way through a very thorny swamp and a cedar thicket. For the third point, we took a far distant something, whether a tree or mass of rock we could not make out then. It proved the frame corner of an old tumbled-down house, to reach which we had to make the half-circuits of two farm dwellings, and to wade through a horse-pond. It was near eleven o'clock, and we came out on a road which seemed to run east as far as we could see, without a building near it. An old but sleek-looking horse was feeding here on the young grass bordering the fences. It struck me that this was a good chance to change horses, — shank's-mares for the venerable gray. The idea was suggested to my companions, who gave it a hearty reception, and Charley Balch, assuming an idle, innocent, aimless manner, easily succeeded in reaching the mane of the unsophisticated country steed without exciting his suspicions. He led him coaxingly to us, and when I had extemporized a rope bit and bridle, we all three mounted, Charley in front of me as captain and helmsman, and Grant behind. A walk suited us at first until old gray might get reconciled to the burden and we settle down in our seats. Ten minutes of that, and by the persuasion of my heels and Grant's stick, we urged our charger to a trot, — the most dislocating edition of that gait ever published on a highway. So greatly jarred and disordered were we, that our united efforts failed for some time to restore the horse to his first and more agreeable pace. We had done so, caught our breaths, and got our breeches' legs down to our boots again, when we were suddenly and fiercely hailed by a sturdy farmer, who stood unseen by us before, about ten paces ahead, but, fortunately for us, on the field side of a pair of bars, "Halloo! you scamps, what are ye doing? three lummoxes, by my soul, on my honest gray!" and he accompanied his angry address by climbing the bars with an ugly hickory sapling in his hand.

"Quick! put on your steam," shouted Grant to Charley, and in a second we were all three pounding on gray's ribs, and the old horse had struck a gallop.

"Galloping," we cried back to our questioner: "and what are you doing?"

It was one of these hasty wrongs — unjust and unkind — that boys are sometimes guilty of. The act was as quick as the impulse, and, before we

could repent, we were off as fast as the farmer's gray ever legged it, I fancy. And there the indignant owner stood in our cloud of dust, — the picture of discomfited amazement and indignation.

We kept up the gallop for a mile or more, and then discovered that the old horse seemed trying to avenge his master. He was running away, a proceeding that the rope bridle could not control in the slightest degree. Rushing along we came to a boggy brook, spanned by a rough bridge without rails. The old horse leaped it with a grunt, and put a finish to us and his charge by sending his hind heels flourishing in the air. With arms locked about each others waists we turned a somerset and landed in the brook. No one was hurt, and we were far out of reach or sight of the farmer; nevertheless we did not wait to wring our wet clothes or wipe off the mud, but started across the fields as fast as we could run, and having reached a little belt of woods, we halted there to consider our position. Grant's way of performing that operation was to lean against a tree and laugh until the crows overhead cawed an echo, and several curious chipmunks came from their holes to see what was going on so funny in their domain.

"Hi," said Grant, recovering his breath, "if that was not the hardest ride I ever took! Why, I hardly had time to think of the mad old farmer before I was head-first in that brook. My small, truthful, friend compass had a ducking. If he was not drowned, let's ask him where due east is now," and he pulled the compass from his pocket.

Charley Balch, who was rubbing his muddy cap on the grass, said he guessed we had lost the beeline. Nevertheless we took another point to steer by and continued the tramp, forgetful that it was now afternoon and that our luncheon was gone. In half an hour more of climbing fences, jumping brooks, pushing up hills and trotting down them, we came to a sunny little house that looked as if just about to slide into the rattling stream on whose sloping bank it stood. We knocked at the door and asked for a drink of milk. A pretty little girl answered our rap and brought us a pail. When we had emptied it, I asked if there were not trout in the stream.

"Yeth, zir, — plenty trout in Pekkle Ide."

"Speckle Side, you call it — eh?" She nodded with her head on one side. "Well, that is a pretty name for a trout stream; but how, little sweetheart," asked Grant in his laughing way — "how can we catch them? Have n't you a hook and line in the house to lend us?"

"Yeth, zir — guess zo," and she ran in to bring just what we wanted.

Having fished for a long distance down the stream and caught nine nice trout, we came to a lazy, mouldy old mill that looked — with its dripping, many-fingered wheel idle in the stream — like a great sleeping wood-giant with one hand hanging in the water. At least, Charley Balch said it did. I did not see it so. It only looked to me like a pretty old, awkward mill that was not working. But when we had sat for a while on the bank near the wheel, cooking and eating our trout, I began to see what a drowsy, picturesque spot we were in. The heavy, brown beams and timbers of the mill, with its irregular form; its small windows and dark shadows; the big drooping trees leaning over it; the background of thick woods; the slime-coated wheel dripping, dripping sadly, while the water ran beneath it with a splashing and gurgling and rippling of cheerfulness that seemed to make fun of its melancholy partner.

"I am going to take a nap here, before we turn home," said Charley Balch, throwing himself back on the bank, when we had finished our trout.

"I agree to that, for this mill strikes me as being the drowsiest place to sleep in I ever saw. I don't wonder the mill is still, and I'll bet the miller is sound asleep somewhere near. Let's go in and see. I reckon it won't make much matter if we miss being home at prayers just once and in vacation. We can get a nap and easily reach the school by bed-time. Come."

As Grant voted in that way with Charley, I said nothing against the plan. We went all over the mill, but not another soul was there; so in a big room overhead, where the wheel-bands ran in and out, and where bags of unground corn were piled, we stretched ourselves to sleep. When I awoke, it was with a confused, indistinct idea of where I was. Every thing was in perfect darkness about me, and the only light that caught my eye came through the knot-holes and seams of the floor we were lying on. I felt the grasp of Grant's fingers on my arm and heard him whisper, "Hist!" in my ear. At the same time I heard a mumbling of conversation in the room beneath. Charley Balch was awake and listening too. We put our eyes to the large openings in the floor and discovered three men in the sort of office-room below of the mill. A lantern stood on the floor. One of the men was trying to light a fire in a small stove. The others sat on benches between our eyes and the lantern, so their figures and gestures were magnified and intensified to our

sight. Only now and then, as they partly turned and raised their heads in conversation, could we see their countenances at all. One was a particularly rough and savage-looking man. The other, from the few short glimpses I had of his face, was as forbidding as his companion. The man busy with the stove — pushing in sticks and pieces of paper, lighting matches, and swearing when they went out and his kindlings refused to burn — was the safest-looking individual of the three, and from a long smock-frock or blouse he wore, I took him to be the miller and proprietor of our sleeping-place. The voices of the three were coarse and deep, and at first all we could hear of their ejaculatory talk was a grumbling rumble, that sounded something like the smothered growling of dogs. He whom I thought to be the miller spoke louder and clearer than his companions, and the first words I could understand were, when he, having succeeded in his endeavors to kindle a fire, said, —

"I never come to the old mill for half an hour of night, winter or summer, without a fire in this stove. There's always such a cold, slimy, bat-y feeling after sundown here. An' it seems damper — more unwholesome like — in warm weather than in cold. Don't like to hear that water at night; cheery enough here of days, but I'd rather be at home when night comes. However, Hangran, as you said, it's a good chance for you to get those bags. Dergar, if you've got a plug of 'baccar I'll fill my pipe."

The one he addressed as Dergar, the worst-looking man of the three, handed him the plug. Nothing was said while the miller cut up a pipeful — handed back the quid — shut his immense jackknife with a snap, — lighted the pipe, and got it going by loud, smacking whiffs. Then he spoke again, having taken a seat, horseback manner, on the further end of Dergar's bench, addressing his neighbor in an uncertain way and in a lower voice, — looking across to the man he had before called Hangran, as if he would include him in the question: "Hem, Dergar, any — any new" — here he looked expressively from one to the other of his companions, and drew his right hand slowly across his throat, at the same time uttering a guttural note — we could see plainly the gesture as he was turned with the lantern-light in his face — "any thing new in that way just now?"

"Yes," answered Dergar, raising his head quickly and speaking angrily — "yes — to-morrow — down at the 'Cademy."

"Halloo! how's that? Is it worth it?"

"I tell you it is, rather," again replied Dergar, but sinking his voice, after he had looked, as it

seemed to me, into the darkness behind him, and then we could only catch the words — "throats — three of them;" and then, speaking louder, "Have you got a whetstone about here?"

While the miller went into the corner to get the whetstone, the villainous-looking Dergar pulled from the knife-case, hanging behind from his waist-belt, a long, pointed knife, and felt its edge preparatory to sharpening it.

But as soon as Dergar had said, "Down at the 'Cademy," the biggest of the three, Hangran had started up from his sleepy attitude, and, when Dergar had asked for the whetstone, exclaimed in a voice much clearer than we had heard before, and so that we caught every word of it, —

"I'll go with you then, Dergar, for I have a score to take out of three young ones there. My fingers itch to get hold of them."

Awaking in a strange place, and in the darkness of night, to see and hear those three dangerous-looking men in the room below us apparently met for some secret, was reason enough for Grant's warning to us that we should keep still, but when we did make out indistinctly that their plot was probably a robbery at the school-house, and apparently our murder, we were thoroughly frightened, and awaited with trembling to hear what should follow. There was a silence for a few moments — a silence in which we could hear only our own heart-beats, and the rubbing of Dergar's



knife on the stone. Then the miller, rapping out the tobacco from his pipe on the stove, said with a yawn, — "Well, Dergar, you man of blood, what are you going to kill — *pigs or beef*?"

Could you have heard Grant's scream of laughter, as you can imagine our immense relief, you would have started as we did, and as did, too, the astonished company below us. As we gathered ourselves up from the rows of grain-bags to go down-stairs, the three supposed burglars and cut-throats, somewhat recovered from the alarm we had caused them, commenced to ascend the stairs. As we faced each other, the second one on the way up shouted out, "Ah, you young villains, I've got you

then, after all." It was the man called Hangran, and now seen to be the angry farmer of our morning's adventure. The miller, however, kept him from chastising us, and when the three had heard us tell of our fright up-stairs, they burst into a long and hearty laugh. That helped, with our sincere apology, to mollify farmer Hangran, who had intended to ride down to our school with the butcher, Dergar, and take vengeance for our bad treatment of him and his horse.

After fifteen minutes of laughter and explanations in the room of the bloody conference, the butcher got up from where he had reseated himself close to the stove, and said, "Well, young

gentlemen, we frightened you and you did the same to us, for when I hee-ard that larff overhead, I'll be hanged if I did n't think some stray lunatic or water-ghost was up among the meal-bags. But now that farmer Hangran has got his empty bags, and has let you off from a licking, we must be moving. My horse is impatient, I guess, and I have eight miles to ride, for I must sleep at the village inn to-night, so as to be on hand for *that murder* early in the morning! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Can't we ride with you, Mr. Dergar, as farmer Hangran has given up his idea of going down to the Academy to settle his score with the

three young ones?" Charley Balch looked over at the now-complacent farmer, and laughed as he made his petition of the butcher.

It was freely granted, and as the young moon rose, we were rattling along in the butcher's wagon. At about ten o'clock, we quietly entered the school-house by the wash-house door, and immediately sought for Mr. Norris, to explain our absence from prayers and late arrival. But he was passing the night in New York; so our absence was unnoticed. That June vacation tramp was about the most exciting day's adventure of a very happy month.

VIEUX MOUSTACHE.

### PICTURE BOB AND HIS WONDERFUL COB.

SUPPOSE you have  
The "Riverside,"  
Turning its pages o'er,  
And at this page  
Some pictures find,  
You never found before.



Suppose it tells you  
Of a boy;  
Suppose his name was Bob;  
Suppose he ate  
An ear of corn,  
As big as Picture Cob.

S'pose, then, that Bob  
Had said to Cob,  
"Come, stand up, if you can,

And wear my little  
Hat and coat,  
And be a soldier-man."



S'pose, then, that Cob  
Had said to Bob,  
"You be an ear of corn,  
And I will wear  
Your hat and coat,  
And toot your little horn."

Suppose that Cob  
Began to march,  
And loud the horn to blow;  
Suppose that Bob  
Went fast asleep,  
An ear of corn to grow.

Suppose that Cobby  
Grew so fine,  
And Bobby grew so fast,





That Cobby thought,  
 "He ate me first,  
 I'll eat him up, at last."

And so, suppose  
 He made a charge,  
 As if a field of corn —  
 Each leaf become  
 A two-edged sword,  
 Each ear, a battle-horn —



And, fierce and fast,  
 Went at poor Bob,  
 Intent to pierce him through ;  
 Suppose that Bobby  
 Knew all this,  
 But knew not what to do.

And now suppose  
 That, all at once,  
 From out of Bobby's head



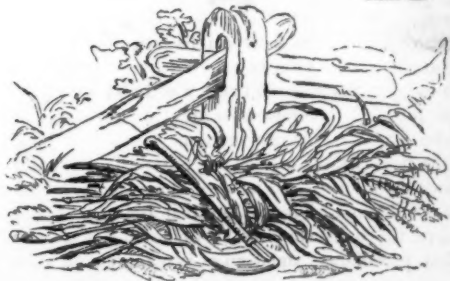
Our flag of Stripes,  
 Our flag of Stars,  
 Had sprung right up, and said :

"Take care, take care,  
 You little scamp !  
 You're nothing but a cob,  
 With soldier-clothes  
 And tooting horn ;  
 Touch not my soldier Bob !"

Then what if Cob,  
 And what if Bob,  
 And what if Flag, and all,  
 Had had a grand  
 Engagement there,  
 The country to appall.

And you, suppose  
 You hasten on,  
 The dreadful end to see,  
 And find yourself  
 A little Cob,  
 To think such things could be !

Mrs. H.



## BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

## V.

WHEN children are let loose from city restraints and turned into the great pasture of the country, — and happy are all of our readers who have this summer enjoyment, — we are apt to think of books as among the things to be left behind. So they are as task-work; but if there is a fondness for reading at all, it will find occasion to show itself, and provision should be made against the need. Some regard, however, will be had to the change of place and time, and we offer one or two suggestions as to the kind of books most likely to prove acceptable.

After the old favorites which each child selects for rereading and re-rereading, and which in their tattered covers are as essential as the doll of one and the ball of another, there come the books which the parent selects. He will not forget those rainy days in the country, when he wishes he had brought one or two more books, and when the children come to him to know what they shall do — luckless moment when childhood's invention gives out, and parental recollection of sports is vague and unavailable. The best book then is not generally that which all read and are as still as mice, but one which sets wits to work and gives the whole household some employment, making them forget rain and restraint within doors. Books of games and suggestions of charades and tableaux are then very serviceable, and though not properly among the books which are books, one sentence in one of them may furnish material for a whole day's employment. By all means carry along one of these cornucopias of riddles, games, and in-door sports.

But rainy days apart, when the fields and woods and hills invite, there still are books which are especially fit to be packed in trunks that are going to the country; books that explain the new and curious life which the sharp eyes of children discover. We sometimes disparage books on Natural History, and talk loftily of reading the book of Nature, which lies open before us. Nobody reads it more surely than children, who seem merely to be turning its leaves to look at its pictures, but who shall answer the questions which this book puts to them? No doubt there could be no better way than for a child to have some one to whom it could run with bird, flower, insect, or nest, and have the questions answered; but the trouble is that parents are apt to be more ignorant than

children, having forgotten what they saw when children, and having learned nothing since. Books come in here to do what the older companion gladly would do, and if made with reference to this want, are invaluable.

The right kind of books, then, would be those that treat of special objects in Nature, and not those which are, properly speaking, systematic. A Botany for those who have studied botany in school is very well, but for those who have only looked at flowers in the field, it is not now in place, but rather some work which shall give the habits and nature of special objects by themselves, with little reference to the class in which they belong. In a word, the end to be reached is a familiarity with particulars; one butterfly, one buttercup, one mole is what the child cares for, and not yet *Lepidoptera*, *Ranunculaceae*, *Talpide*; and the books which assume this kind of interest and knowledge, and set out to tell him what he is just ready to ask, are those which he will read with pleasure. But in any case books are helps only, never substitutes. Spectacles help the short-sighted, but are worthless to the blind, and very likely No-eyes in the story was a great reader of books. To have learned to pick out the letters in Nature's alphabet during a country visit, will be of more service to the child than to have read fluently many books. Moreover, the habit of observation thus formed gets applied to reading also.

We remember a pleasant summer when a young naturalist, establishing himself in a country resort, formed a class, which trailed after him through the fields, gathering about him as he came to a bird's-nest, and told its history, or picked up a grasshopper that was skipping on some errand, and made it give an account of itself, or plucked a flower which now was seen into more deeply than before, or pointed out how the branches arranged themselves on some tree. He was making the stargers seers. Once or twice a week he would have them all in the parlor, and give the results of their rambles in a more systematic shape.

It is a pity that such a pleasant connection could not oftener be formed. The living teacher and friend is best, but books are tolerable substitutes, if they are well chosen. Next month we hope to name a few that will be found serviceable, although our native literature is very deficient just here, and native it must be to be wholly available.

## THE WINDOW-SEAT.

*Eleven o'clock in the Morning.*

It is warm enough now to sit with the window open and look out of doors. I look over the roofs of houses and see churches that rise higher, and from the street below comes the sound of children playing on the little square of smiling green, with its fountain of laughing water. The churches and the children, the children and the churches run in my mind, and suddenly there comes to me the recollection of a festival which I once attended on the very first day of this summer month, a festival in a great church in the heart of a great city. St. Paul's Cathedral in London is greater than any church which any of us know in America; when one climbs the hill on which it stands, coming up through crooked lanes and crowded streets, he comes suddenly upon this great building which gathers around and beneath a lofty dome lifted high above all the houses about, higher even than the smoke that hangs over the city. It is of white stone, which has become so darkened in many places by the smoke and grime and fog of London, that one thinks of it as a black building upon which the moon is shining, and very beautifully do the long rays of white steal down into the blackness.

It was this Cathedral that I entered on the forenoon of the first day of June, while omnibuses and drays and carriages were rumbling in the streets, and all London had opened its millions of eyes and was busy with its millions of hands. Into the church I went and sat beneath the great dome. There was a sound here, too, but it was of thousands of little voices whispering, and thousands of little hands rustling. Around the dome, from floor to gallery, had been built tiers of wooden seats, and there came filing in troops of children, who climbed in order, and took their places on the benches, until there were five thousand boys and girls filling the seats.

They were children from the charity schools of London, and each school was dressed in uniform, but all the schools were not dressed alike, so that one saw green and blue and orange and white ribbons of clean little children floating down to the floor. Little girls in droll white caps, yellow sleeves, and blue dresses, with white kerchiefs, sat together above; while below were boys in dark-blue clothes and broad white collars. By each school or class was a teacher, and against one of the pillars was hung a little box, in which stood

the leader of music. Below were thousands more of older people who had come to hear the children sing.

There was Service held. At the time of prayer five thousand little hands rustled and covered the eyes, the girls lifting their white aprons. But at the time of singing, one pure song rose from the sweet fresh voices. I could not hear the reader; he was too far away; but every now and then, on what seemed perfect stillness, there rose from the children's throats a song of praise, or the simple *Amen*, which seemed to rise as on wings, and pass up the high dome, up through the windows, far above, escaping to heaven. Last of all came that chorus, which, perhaps, some of you have heard from great choirs, — *Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth: the kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign forever and ever, King of kings, and Lord of lords. Hallelujah!* It was the musician Handel, the writer of the music for these words, who began this yearly celebration in the days of George the Third.

When all was over, I went and stood by the door outside. The children passed out by two and two, led by parish beadies who walked before with staves, and so they moved away down the London streets to their homes again. As I stood there I thought of one who had also seen these children and heard them sing years ago; one who sang in his heart when their voices were lifted up, and who wrote afterward what he sang to himself. It was William Blake, of whom I told you in February, that wrote these words: —

## HOLY THURSDAY.

'T was on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,  
Came children walking two and two, in red and blue and green;  
Gray-headed beadies walked before, with wands as white as snow,  
Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames' waters flow.

Oh what a multitude they seemed, these flowers of London town,  
Seated in companies they were, with riance all their own;  
The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,  
Thousands of boys and girls raising their innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song,  
Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among;  
Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of the poor;  
Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.

The children must be singing to-day. I do not see the churches; I do not hear the children playing in the street; I am under the dome of St. Paul's: a mighty Hallelujah is rising.

THE EDITOR.



A SECRET FOR THE MOST DANGEROUS.

## CHARADES.

WITHOUT my *first*, what would the nursery be ?  
Toward me are turned all loving baby eyes ;  
I'm hugged and squeezed by little dimpled arms,  
Fondled and kissed, and always thought a prize.

My *last* though not a tail is near akin ;  
Without it I can neither toss nor roll ;  
Of mortal skin and bone 't is always made,  
And yet it forms a part of every soul.

In former days Counts wore me for their crests,  
And Princes of the blood usurped my name ;  
The ocean's now my home, though still I'm seen  
Sometimes in books of rarest type and fame.

Once molded in another shape I lived  
In ancient art, old song, and story ;  
Now, if obscure through life I glide,  
I die in sunset hues of glory.

2. My *first* in radiant robes arrayed,  
Or shrouded sad, or drowned in tears ;  
My *second*, as St. Paul hath said,  
Comes with the sunlight, moonlight, stars.  
My *whole* — a floating beauty bright,  
A fleeting phantom of delight,  
Born for the sunshine's festal ray ;  
But when dark hours come stealing on,

Like summer-friends I shrink away, —  
Shrink fainting, fainting out of sight,  
Vision of beauty, quenched in night.

## PLANTINGS.

Plant a pin and what comes up ?	Bachelor's-button.
Plant an authoress	" " Ragged-lady.
Plant a lamb	" " Yew-tree.
Plant a kid	" " Lady's-slipper.
Plant a dark-lantern	" " Deadly-nightshade.
Plant a love	" " Heart's-ease.
Plant a flirt	" " Love-lies-bleeding.
Plant a stone	" " Wall-flower.
Plant Red-gauntlet	" " Fox-glove.
Plant a bishop	" " Cardinal-flower.
Plant a blow	" " Spring Orchis.
Plant frogs	" " Crocus.
Plant a violin	" " Hops.
Plant an eye	" " Iris.
Plant Captain Cuttle's watch	Wild Thyme.

## THE NAMES OF SIX GARDEN FLOWERS.

1. A light welcome to mariners : a shepherd's pride.
2. An animal : an article of dress.
3. Divisions of time : a window.
4. A person always single : the same person's trial.
5. A heathen god : an expression of suffering.
6. Something little folks like : a thick growth.



1701



Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,  
 Silver buckles on his knee;  
 He'll come back and marry me,  
 Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.